THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR APRIL, 1808.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 The Loves of Priscilla and Leonard, 139
2 Character of the late Countess Dowager Moira, 142
3 On the Spring, 143
4 Description of the Course of the River Seine in France, 144
5 Miscellaneous Reflections, 144
6 Harriet Vernon; or, Characters from real Life, 145
7 Account of the New Comedy—'The World,' 152
8 Moorad, or Filial Piety, 154
9 The Incombustible Spaniard, 159
10 London Fashions, 160
11 Sketches from Nature, 161
12 Extraordinary View of a Thunder-Storm, 166
13 Anecdotes of Dr. Radcliffe, 168
14 Description of the Remains of Pompeii, 170
15 POETICAL ESSAYS.—Reason Triumphant — A Choice — Stanzas—The Cottage of Peace — Stanza — To Philander — The Caution—The Parting— Impromptu — On Winter — Epigram —Time and Cupid— Lines addressed to miss Long, a little Lady — Alice Fell — Dead Man's Island, 172—176
16 Foreign News, 177
17 Home News, 180
18 Births—Marriages, 183
19 Deaths, 184

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates,

1. VIEW on the RIVER SEINE in NORMANDY.
2. LONDON Fashionable EVENING DRESSES.
3. Fashionable PATTERNS for BORDERS and TRIMMINGS.
4. A new and elegant PATTERN of an ETRUSCAN BORDER.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Continuation of the *Elville Family Secrets* in our next.

T. P.'s *Poetic Effusion* is under Consideration.

R. Y.'s Enigma and Acrostic are very incorrect.

We are obliged to Laertius for his Communication: we will make the Selection he suggests.

THE

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FOR APRIL, 1808.

THE LOVES OF PRISCILLA AND LEONARD.

AT an early age Priscilla was bereft of her parents, and cast without means upon the world. She would have been abandoned to chance, or parochial protection, in the outset of her calamity, if the voice of common fame, which sometimes lends its force to truth as well as calumny, had not interposed, and besieged with such effect the ears of a penurious uncle in a distant part of the country, as to compel him, in his dread of infamy, to augment his expenses, and receive the poor orphan under his roof. Pity had no part in this step, nor affection, his nature was callous to every tender feeling.

His ward improved daily in person, disposition, and duty to her protector. By constant endeavours to oblige him she became in time useful, which produced on his part some kind of attachment to her.

The wealth which he had accumulated, and of which she was apparently the sole inheritress, yet still more her beauty and sweetness, brought around her many suitors. Among these the most successful was Leonard, a young man of great worth and modesty. In her bosom the tender passion had insensibly gained considerable strength, and in his heart had absolute sway. The extraordinary diffidence of his disposition long prevented the divulgence of his passion; he delayed the disclosure from time to time, till at length a circumstance occurred which at once destroyed all his little hopes.

The father of Leonard was a man of eminence in the mercantile world, but unavoidable difficulties had embarrassed his affairs, and reduced his property. His financial adroitness held up his credit, and he persevered in the hope that some favourable occurrence would disengage him from his embarrassment. But the disquiet he endured brought on an indisposition

which terminated in his death. His creditors possessed themselves of his effects to satisfy their claims, and Leonard was left reduced to struggle through the world.

If, when he might consider himself the equal of Priscilla, the modesty of Leonard prevented him from avowing his affection, now that he was so fallen he felt insuperable impediments to the discovery; and before his misfortune was known he took, seemingly, an ordinary, wary, yet a lasting farewell, and repaired to his father's residence. Here, having regulated his affairs, and learned more accurately the poverty of his situation, he resolved to labour to recover his fortune in a foreign country, and by the change of place to facilitate his endeavours to overcome his passion. His spirit could not brook an humiliated intercourse with his former equals and inferiors; and he considered that it would be folly to entertain an attachment, which to avow would be idle and hopeless. Accordingly he took his departure, and in a distant clime obtained the charge of a commercial concern, to which he bent all his powers and application.

In the mean time Priscilla, who had been perplexed at the thoughtful behaviour of Leonard on his departure, became surprised at his absence. The intelligence of the change in his fortune followed. Her bosom was pierced with sorrow; her love awoke in all its force, and a fixed melancholy pervaded her mind. She suppressed her feelings, but she perceived and was astonished at their force. The passion preyed secretly upon her spirits, and in private she indulged herself in cherishing it.

One of her admirers, weary of slighted assiduities, made a proposal to Priscilla's uncle, highly advantageous to his interest, in order to engage his support of his suit. With the aid of his countenance the lover redoubled his zeal, and the uncle insisted upon compliance. These importunities, however, only served to feed the flame that burned in the breast of Priscilla, and confirmed her resolution. Her uncle could not conceive how a woman should refuse one unobjectionable as to fortune, person, and character. Her disobedience incensed him; he commanded and threatened. Priscilla could not have opposed any thing her uncle could require, excepting this. She wept and supplicated, but neither would avail to procure a remission of the persecuting urgency of the lover or the uncle. Pressed to the last extremity she avowed, as length, the prepossession of her heart, and implored that this violence might not be inflicted, or at least deferred for some time, till she had overpowered her passion. The discovery exasperated the sordid uncle:—that she should prefer a ruined to an affluent suitor was incredible! He absolutely demanded her consent, and appointed an early day for the nuptials.

The mind of Priscilla was wound up to the execution of the most desperate measure. The fatal morning arrived; the guests were assembled, they anxiously looked for her appearance. She was called at her chamber door; no voice answered; it was burst open, and, behold! the bride had fled. A pursuit was commenced,

but the fugitive was not to be discovered.

While Priscilla thus suffered, Leonard in his commercial career was uniformly successful. He was studious to direct his mind to any object but that of his passion; and an entire change of scene, distance, and privacy especially, favoured his design. He had prevailed so far as to tranquillize his affection, to render it more the warmth of complacency than the glow of love. In this temper he judged that he might safely venture to visit his native country, where his presence was urgently required from the unsettled state of his commencing and extending affairs.

Having landed in England he passed on to the place of his nativity. He diligently set himself to the disposition of his concerns; but every vacant moment brought on a train of pensive recollections, of his departed father, and of the reason of his former passion, which his diffidence still withheld him from cherishing. According to the habit which he had followed in the climate he had just left, to rise with the sun, and avoid the heat of the mid-day, he frequently walked out early in the morning, among the scenes of his early years, and often piously visited the tomb of his lost parent. Hither he one morning bent his usual way; and when he turned the corner of the church that concealed the grave, he approached, and beheld leaning over it a female figure in a melancholy attitude. He stood motionless with amazement, when a plaintive voice reached his ear:—'Oh! cruel, cruel spot! you have lost me my home, my all: you have lost me my love!' The drops fell from her eyes, and she moved slowly away. Leonard hastened after her, she turned; they recognised each other. It was Leonard! it was Priscilla! Speechless and trembling she pressed, she fell upon his arm. Recovering, she burned with confusion! and to his tender inquiries returned nothing but broken expressions—that she was unfortunate; an outcast; that he must forget her.—On reaching the door of a house she burst from him and entered, charging him not to follow.

The amazed lover hovered about until weary and perplexed he proceeded to his apartments. He was so penetrated and softened that he wept and sobbed as a child. The sensibility of his nature was so exquisite, so strange was the occasion, that the torrent of his feelings was resistless. Having quieted his emotion he ran over in his mind every incident and circumstance he knew of Priscilla; he recollected that she had a friend in a lady resident in the place. He immediately repaired to her; he was informed of her secret affection for him, and the strong proof of it in her flight. He was also told that she resided in the house which she entered, as a servant. Leonard was grieved—but he was also overjoyed. He flew to rescue her from her humiliation—they were united—and were as happy as love, virtue, and mutual gratitude, could render them.

I. V.

CHARACTER of the late DOWAGER COUNTESS MOIRA.

THIS Lady, whose demise is announced in the list of deaths for the present month, was uncommonly gifted with great powers of memory, great quickness of intellect, and a peculiar easy yet splendid elocution, with which she adorned whatever subject she touched upon, whether the mere passing events of the day, the various topics of literature, or those useful arts by which the community is benefited, and the resources of a nation enlarged. Her acquaintance with such branches of knowledge was by no means limited or superficial, on the contrary, some learned societies have borne respectful testimony to her acquirements in this particular, and the real utility which flowed from the productions of her active and discerning genius.

She was married to the late earl of Moira in Feb. 1752, and resided in Dublin, or the North of Ireland (with the exception of one year's absence in France) for more than half a century; for the long period of fifty-six years. Let those who remember what Moira House was in the earlier days of that period, when she led, and reflected a grace upon every beneficial fashion: when she cultivated the fine arts; when she rendered her house the favourite spot where every person of genius or talents in Dublin, or who visited Dublin, loved most to resort to; let such persons say, whether Moira House, and its illustrious lady, as well as its truly noble and beneficent lord, deserve not every panegyric which gratitude can bestow. She was the last in a direct line of the great name of Hastings—the last! a word when so applied, every liberal nature will dwell upon with melancholy sensations, even to enthusiasm—such are perhaps the universal feelings of mankind in favour of exalted birth, which a vain-glorious philosophy never can eradicate, that when a race of nobility, distinguished by the length of years during which they wore their honours uninterrupted, is finally terminated, the extinction of such a family is regarded not without a generous sympathy; but when the tomb closes on a noble matron, the representative of a great house, with whose history the best, and perhaps the most inspiring images of our earliest days are associated, and herself not inferior to any in that history, it is scarcely possible, even for a stranger, not to hang over that tomb without every motion of sorrow, regret, and veneration. Such sentiments may ill accord with a friv lous, and, in some respects, a selfish age. Be it so—yet this age, even under the influence of a more than iron war, and much bigotry, has not lost 'all its original brightness,' but retains much of its good old virtues undiminished. It possesses domestic charity at least; and those who know how to appreciate charity, will learn to venerate the memory of the countess of Moira, for in truth she may be said to have been charity itself.

She had a strong resemblance, in many respects, to her ancestors: a lofty spirit, magnificence of disposition, untired hospitality—altogether, she was a lady of other times; and when she mingled with society, more than her increased infirmities would of late years

allow, few persons ever beheld her without something of more heroic days passing in indistinct, yet splendid array, before the imagination. In the reception of persons of the first distinction at her house, there was an air, a dignity, will hardly be equalled, and never can be surpassed. But the noble manner, the imposing ceremonial of life, leave but slight vestiges for remembrance, compared to those intrinsic and domestic virtues, which give to the female sex their truest ornament. In all the private relations of life, she was, to the utmost, valuable! Her maternal duties she fulfilled with the enlightened spirit, and more, perhaps, than the sensibility of a Cornelia. They could only be equalled by the unceasing assiduities, the soothing tenderness, the sweet, pious, and filial regards which accompanied her to her last hour — but sorrow is sacred, and the writer forbears. — He can only add, that this imperfect tribute is the product of an hasty, anxious moment, the effusion of gratitude, resting indeed upon the basis of truth, but no exact delineation of Lady Moira's character. The style is warm, for it flows from the heart; and who that knew her could write of Lady Moira in a style inert and grovelling.

Ireland will long have cause to regret her — she cultivated its best interests — to the Gentry she displayed an example of attachment to the country which they might have well imitated — to the Peasantry of all descriptions she was a guardian friend — to every illiberal, party distinction, whether arising from a false zeal for the State or Religion, she was an unprejudiced enlightened opponent. From the contemplation of such a character it is indeed not easy to withdraw.

Elizabeth, Countess of Moira, survived her husband nearly fifteen years. — She was daughter to Theophilus, and sister to Francis, last Earls of Huntingdon. Her mother was the Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of Earl Ferrers.

On the SPRING.

'Come, gentle Spring, etherial mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.'

THOMSON.

STERN Winter has at length forsaken the earth to give place to a more enlivening season, and fierce Boreas, with his blustering train, retires on the approach of gentle Zephyrus. The Sun, welcome visitant, so long obscured by clouds and storms, no longer darts a feeble ray, but warms and animates the whole creation: every heart is gladdened, and every countenance brightened. The Earth, teeming with vegetation, puts on its fairest forms—all nature looks gay, and the promises of the Spring, yet in blossoms, afford more delight, and are more cheering to the eye than the fruits of Autumn. Now the feathered choir warble forth their musical notes; the lark prevents the rising morn with its song of praise; and all the brute creation invite man

to raise his heart to Nature's God:

'Tis now that

'From the moist meadows to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye,
The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd
In full luxuriance to the sighing gales.'
THOMSON.

Now the man of contemplation, whose delight it is to muse and meditate on the world of Nature, sallies forth, and as Thomson has beautifully expressed it,

——— 'Superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude.'

The woods now ring with the cry of the wood-pecker, and the thrush and blackbird pour forth their mellow notes. How grand, yet simple, the concert, when with these is heard the trickling brook, the noise of the water-mill, or still louder roar of the foaming cataract! Banks of blushing violets now perfume the air with their fragrant scent; and all the fruit-trees appear clothed in their gay livery, and form one continued range of blossoms: but these will pass quickly away, and Spring with its many charms will soon give place to a more fruitful if not so pleasant a season.

NEOS.

B——
April, 1808.

DESCRIPTION of the COURSE of the RIVER SEINE in FRANCE.

[*With a picturesque View on its Banks, near Mantes.*]

THE river Seine, which is rendered illustrious by flowing through the city of Paris, rises about two miles south of Aigney-le-Duc, a town in the department of the Cote d'Or, and pursues its course by Chatillon sur Seine, Troyes, the capital of the department of the Aube, and before the Revolution the capital of Champagne, to Paris, which it surrounds and divides into three islands, that have communication by a number of bridges. From Paris it proceeds by Saint Germain to Mantes, where it has a bridge over it of thirty-six arches, and thence by Vernon, Elbeuf, and Rouen, till it falls into the English Channel, near Havre de Grace. In its course it presents a variety of pleasing and romantic scenes.

MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS.

VIRTUE is never more safe than when it is afraid to appear upon the theatre of the world, where it is too much exposed to vanity. All other vices are propagated by vices; but vanity subsists and grows by the show we make of virtue.

We do not always converse with men of reason to learn what we ought to do; but it is good to learn sometimes of others what we ought to avoid.

All men would be happy; but the greatest part of our life is spent in seeking after happiness, and frequently it so falls out that we know not where to fix.

HARRIET VERNON;

OR,

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY A LADY.

[Continued from p. 103.]

LETTER LVII.

Miss Vernon to Miss H. Vernon.

NOW, indeed, my dear Harriet, is your sister unhappy in the extreme; grieved am I to communicate that unhappiness to you, but I am obliged to do so; and at the same time entreat your consolation and advice, that I may be able to support myself under my misfortune.

About a fortnight since Mrs. Wilson, who amuses herself more by looking out at window than any thing else, observed that a large handsome house opposite was let to a gentleman and lady, who had come in their own chariot to see it. That the furniture was sent from town, and all seemed in readiness. The servants she had observed to consist of one black man, and woman, and several white ones. As she concluded the master and mistress would soon make their appearance she planted herself at the window to watch their arrival; whilst Mr. Wilson and I smiled at her curiosity, and was glad to find her ill humour could by any thing be suspended.

At length the expected pair arrived; she called Mr. Wilson and myself to the window, and I thought I saw alight from the chariot, — Oh, Harriet! — Mr. Wentworth! I thought, I say, for I dared not trust myself with a second look. I felt as though I should have fainted; and hastening out of the room flew to my own apartment, not knowing what I did. When there I began, as well as I could, to recollect myself. How could Mr. Wentworth be arrived without seeing me?—How could he have a lady with him?—I had never heard that he had a sister. Was it likely he should take a house immediately on his arrival before he had seen me?—These questions I revolved in my mind, and at length concluded I must have been mistaken; and I began to blame myself for suffering my imagination to dwell so much on one object as to mislead my senses. Having in a good degree silenced my perturbations I ventured down stairs. I dared not trust my eyes toward the window. Mrs. Wilson kept her station; and frighted me to death every minute by her hopes of again seeing the gentleman and lady.—The genteelest young man she ever saw in her life.—She supposed the lady was his wife. At length evening came, and relieved me from a fear that I was persuaded must be groundless. I was, however, so much affected by the bare apprehension that I could not sleep all night.

Several days passed in this manner, I avoiding looking out at window as much as possible, and Mrs. Wilson continually seated there. She had seen the gentleman several times, but I, dreading to look out, always found

an excuse for not doing it.—The fatal day, however, arrived, when I was to change doubt for certainty. Yesterday morning, as we were sitting as usual in the parlour, Mrs. Wilson at the window, and I copying one of my drawings which Mrs. Ambrose had desired when at Windsor, Mrs. Wilson suddenly exclaimed,—'Well, if here is not our new neighbour coming over to visit us!' Without knowing what I did, I started from my seat, overturning my colours on the picture—'Impossible, madam!' said I. 'Why so?' said she, with quickness; 'perhaps (bridling) he may have noticed me from the window, and may wish to be acquainted?' Before I could answer this silly speech a double knock at the door confirmed the stranger's arrival; and the well-known voice of Wentworth broke on my ears like a clap of thunder. He inquired of the servant if Mrs. Wilson lived there, and if miss Vernon was at home.—'In the parlour, sir,' said the servant, and opened the door.'—Guess, Harriet, (for they cannot be described) my feelings at that moment: I caught hold of the back of the chair, and he had entered the room, and bowed to Mrs. Wilson before I saw him. I believe I shut my eyes.—I recovered myself so far as to return a courtesy to a respectful bow he made me. I did not introduce him to Mrs. Wilson; he no doubt expected me so to do. She concluded he was equally a stranger to us both; and, perhaps, to a bye-stander there could not be a more ridiculous scene, or more aukward figures than we all three cut.

'Pray be seated, sir,' said Mrs. Wilson. He took a chair; I sat down by her—indeed I could not stand: I felt my colour come and go—'I presume, sir,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'you are the gentleman that has taken the opposite house: it appears to be a very good one.'—'Yes madam, it is, and I should have paid my respects here before, had I known who had resided here.'—A little recovered—'Pray, sir,' said I, 'how long have you been returned from India?'—'About five weeks. We had a delightful swift voyage. India had no charms for me after I lost my worthy uncle.' 'He died, then?' said I: 'He did, madam, about a month before we set off. I certainly should not have left India if he had lived, though England is my favourite country, and this spot in it I am particularly partial to.'

Mrs. Wilson now stared, and was more surprised than ever. It was now evident that the gentleman was known to me; but she did not guess him to be Mr. Wentworth. The word *we*, and the cold distant manner of his address to me, occupied all my attention.—In the midst of this aukward scene Mr. Wilson entered. He noticed my confusion; and supposed this gentleman had brought me letters from India. In this he was confirmed by Mrs. Wilson's saying—'This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, is just come from Bengal.'—'I presume, then, sir,' said he, 'you know a Mr. Wentworth there?'

He smiled, and with a graceful bow replied, 'I have, sir, the honour of presenting him to you in my own person;' looking at me, at the same time, as if to reproach me for my omission.

I knew not how to look, or what to say; I was most strangely

embarrassed and confused. Mr. Wilson seated himself, and asked him the same questions I had done—how long he had been arrived, with the addition of wondering how he had found us out. He said that he had written to his friend Mr. Johnson, and he had informed him, by letter; and that he had taken the earliest opportunity of paying his respects to this lady; turning and bowing to me. My greatest trial was not yet come; for, before I could make a reply, Mrs. Wilson said, 'I suppose, sir, the lady who is with you is your sister,' — 'No, madam (and he hesitated, and looked confused), she is my wife.' —'Your wife, sir!' echoed Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and gazed on me, as I glanced at them; for I had fixed my eyes on the carpet, my face in a glow I never felt before.'—'Yes, madam', said he, with the most consummate impudence, surely, that was ever assumed by man, 'she is my cousin, as well as my wife (he had made mention of this cousin in his letter). We were married but a short time before the death of my uncle, her father.' Then taking out his watch as though time would not allow him to insult me more, he arose, and said he must take leave; hoped he should have the honour of seeing us at his house, where Mrs. Wentworth as well as himself would be extremely happy to entertain us.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, as they told me afterwards, were in such astonishment that they were unable to make him any answer. Pride and resentment, I believe, kept me from fainting in his presence; but no sooner was he gone than I sank lifeless into the arms of Mr. Wilson. When I recovered I found myself in bed, and Mrs. Wilson sitting by me. She soothed me with as much tenderness as she was capable of.—Of what need did I then stand in of my dear Harriet! I awaked to unhappiness, but not to despair. I requested Mrs. Wilson to leave me to myself, that I might reflect and reason. She did so; and by reflection and reason my mind is calmed in a great degree.—To account for such conduct in Mr. Wentworth is impossible. —He has proved false, and like many of his sex wishes to triumph over the poor deceived girl. But no! he shall not triumph over your Maria: all my pride and fortitude will I summon to my aid. No, it cannot be that he meant to insult me by this visit. Why did he marry? Perhaps he did not receive the letter I sent him. But what of that? Would not a true lover have waited a longer time before he had concluded himself rejected?

In this manner did I argue; and in this manner I still argue; though I can scarcely bring myself to believe him capable of acting a base part by me; although to believe so would be the only mean now to reconcile me to his loss. Mr. Wilson would fain persuade me to come to an explanation, but to what purpose? It is sufficient to me that he is *married*, and of course lost to me. All I have to do is to acquiesce; I will endeavour to do so. Oh, Harriet! I must lay down my pen. The struggle is great, but fear not; I shall overcome it. Adieu! I need not ask you to write; I know you will.

Yours ever,

M. Vernon.

LETTER LVIII.

Miss H. Vernon to Miss West.

Hampstead.

My dear Susan,

After perusing the inclosed you will not be surprised at mine being dated from this place. The instant I received it I flew to my dear Maria, Mrs. Ambrose kindly consenting for me so to do. I found her sitting with Mrs. Wilson, who is ill qualified to administer consolation to such a mind as hers. The sweet girl was expecting the post with a letter. I will not attempt to describe our meeting: Mrs. Wilson said she was glad I was come, and left us together. What could I say to the dear sufferer, but exclaim against the vile man, the author of her unhappiness. Oh! how I detest these men! Never will I put myself in the power of the best of them to deceive me again; for did we not think Wentworth the best of them? Oh! the deceitful and fickle sex! I entreated her, and used every argument my invention could suggest, to despise and forget him. She heard all I said with a composure peculiar to her mild and patient temper; the tears trickling down her cheeks; and whilst she assured me that she was already resigned to her fate I discovered the deepest dejection in her manner. I mentioned the word pride—'It shall have its full weight,' said she, 'but it is time only can subdue such a trial as this.'

Mrs. Ambrose had requested that Maria would remove for a short time from this spot, thinking the change of scene might be of use; and proposed her returning with me to Windsor. But she does not approve of it; and I did not urge it, as I guess her reasons. It would be improper, just now, to be with the colonel; it would have an indelicate appearance to him. I know not what to advise. I feel reluctant to come to an explanation with this Wentworth! There can be no excuse whatever for his conduct; for is he not married? And has he not broke his promise to her? I certainly wish to show him the contempt such conduct deserves.

Mrs. Wilson has just sent her maid to say she wants to see us in the parlour: a gentleman is there, the girl said. Maria started at the word gentleman. Surely this Wentworth has not the impudence to intrude himself here again!—If it be him I wish I had the eyes of the Basilisk.

[*In continuation.*]

Filled with the idea of seeing Wentworth I went down, and was not surprised to find him in the parlour. The moment I entered he advanced to take my hand: I made him a stiff courtesy, but kept my hands fixed before me.—'I am happy to see you, dear madam,' said he.—'Your servant, sir,'—and turning to Mrs. Wilson,—'Pray, madam, did you send for me?'—'Yes,' said she—I stalked to the farthest seat from the vile man (I must call him names). Now, thought I, I will look you through. I thought he seemed afraid of me.—'I am very sorry to find your sister is unwell.' I stared—'Unwell, sir!' said I;—'Yes,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'Mr. Wentworth came to ask us to drink tea with him and his lady this afternoon; and I have pro-

mised for all but your sister, who I thought was not well enough.' Vexed and disconcerted to hear of this engagement, and that Mrs. Wilson should, by consenting to visit, countenance the wretch, I yet resolved he should not have the triumph of supposing Maria was unwell on his account—'My sister's indisposition,' said I, 'is only a very slight cold in her head, to which she is subject. She has the tooth-ache (which was true), and intends having it drawn to-day, so that she will not be able to leave home.—'If that be all,' said he, 'perhaps her face may get easy by the afternoon; she may change her mind, and I will hope for the pleasure of her company.'—'My sister, sir, is not accustomed to change her mind,' retorted I, with an emphasis and look that I think must have confounded him, but I could discover nothing by his countenance but honesty and sensibility. What a consummate hypocrite must this man be! He arose to go, and desired his very best compliments to my amiable sister. Oh, how I hate him!

When he was gone—'I am almost sorry,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'that I made the engagement, but really I was so bewildered I knew not what I did; besides, I have a great curiosity to see his wife.' — 'You may make what engagements you please,' replied I, vexed and disconcerted; 'and I wish my sister could feel so much indifference as to accompany you; otherwise you have given Mr. Wentworth an occasion of triumph; for he will not fail to account for her declining an invitation, (which I am astonished he had the impudence to make,) in a manner favourable to his vanity.'

I went to Maria; she was equally astonished as myself at this invitation. It was impossible, she said, for her to summon resolution to go; I offered to stay at home with her, but we both thought upon consideration that it would look as though we dared not face him. She wished, and so did I, that as Mrs. Wilson had been so inconsiderate, not to say unkind, as to form an acquaintance, she could divest herself of her wounded sensibility, and accompany her. 'What a singular lot is mine!' said she, 'to be treated basely by the man I loved; and, at a time when fortune seemed to smile on the union, to see him so unexpectedly married to another; and, adding insult to injury, living on the same spot, and find myself either obliged to fly, or be daily liable to see him. In such a situation what can I do?' —She bathed my hand with her tears. Her words and manner greatly affected me. I entreated her to be comforted; to drive him from her heart, a place there he never was worthy of. She promised that she would endeavour to follow my advice. I was on the point of proposing myself for an example, but my attachment to the worthless Beaumont bore no comparison; it was not of so tender a kind: time and long acquaintance had not made so deep an impression. I must lay down my pen to prepare for this detested visit; the particulars of which I will relate on my return.

[*In continuation.*]

I AM more than ever puzzled to

know what to make of this Wentworth: he must be hypocrisy itself, or there is some strange mystery in the affair. At seven o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and myself, went. Wentworth met us at the parlour door, and, with a gracefulness peculiar to himself, led Mrs. Wilson to the top of the room, which was a large one, and presented her to Mrs. Wentworth.—'Mrs. Wilson, my dear,' said he. She received her politely. He took my hand, which I could not then refuse, and presented me likewise. 'Miss Harriet Vernon, my dear, whom you have so frequently heard me speak of as a young lady every way worthy your love.'—'I am happy,' said Mrs. Wentworth, 'to see the lady.' I was then led to a seat, and Mr. Wilson was introduced. And now for the description of this Mrs. Wentworth, the rival of Maria. Her stature is rather low, and her shape is not free from fault; but the faults in her shape are so trifling it is invidious to mention them. Her face is the most beautiful I ever saw. I will not attempt a description of her features they are so perfectly lovely that I think no painter could do her justice. Her complexion is extremely fair, which I was surprised at; she has not the least appearance of a foreigner. Her hair is a dark flaxen. She looks very young. With these advantages you will be surprised to hear I think her disagreeable. Perhaps I looked on her with an eye of prejudice and ill-will; but I hope I have not so narrow a mind. She received us with a haughtiness of air which I never saw equalled: affectation presided over every word and action. Mrs. Wilson asked her if she had yet partook of any of the amusements of London—'No,' she said, 'but was dying so to do; but should not think of it till she could part with her mourning. Let me see, how long, Mr. Wentworth, have we worn it?' He looked at her with the most penetrating eye; the tear glistened in it, and I read strong marks of displeasure. He made her no answer, but instantly changed the conversation. She played with her fan, and fixed her eyes on me, whilst Mr. Wentworth informed me that he expected a gentleman to pass some little time with him, who was known to me; it was Mr. Johnson; he had not seen him since his arrival—'Bachelors should wait on married men,' said I—'Do you know him?' said Mrs. Wentworth, 'I perfectly long to see him. I want to see your English beaus'—'My friend is no beau,' replied he—'Oh dear!' said she, laughing, 'then I suppose he is your counterpart—is he not?' whispered she to me behind her fan—'By no means, madam,' said I, loud enough to be heard: 'Mr. Johnson is a man of worth and honour, and I shall be very happy to see him at Mr. Wilson's house at any time.' This was too saucy, on reflection: I thought so at the time; but I was so agitated with anger and contempt that I was incapable of setting a proper curb on my words—Wentworth looked—I don't know how he looked, but I, conceiving he must be stung with my speech, looked, I supposed, gratified. He proposed to Mr. Wilson to see his garden: we accompanied them. Mrs. Wentworth addressed very little of her discourse to Mrs. Wilson; I saw her laugh at her

dress several times. Her principal attention was to contradict her husband; which she did in a very unbecoming manner indeed. A precious wife! thought I—Oh what a glorious punishment! And is it possible you could prefer this lump of affectation and ill-nature to the charming Maria! But what will not a beautiful face do with these eye-judging men! more especially when aided by avarice; for I dare say avarice had its weight in this connexion.

Mrs. Wilson was completely out of her element in this visit. She sat gazing with speechless admiration and envy on the beautiful face of Mrs. Wentworth. Never capable of conversation, she felt uncommonly at a loss among such perfect strangers. Mr. Wilson is a man of few words, so that it rested with Mr. Wentworth to fill up the pauses. My saucy speech had evidently disconcerted him; he however mentioned Maria, by hoping her complaint would soon be removed, that he might have the pleasure of her society. I made no answer. He then told me that he intended paying colonel Ambrose a visit, and should have done it instantly on his arrival, but did not till yesterday know where he resided—It was a piece of respect due to so valuable a friend. He understood that I resided with him and his sister—I said I did so, and was only a visitor at Mr. Wilson's—He had heard, too, of my brother's marriage, and to a lady of fortune; was much surprised at that—So was not I, I said; there was nothing surprising in the matrimonial way. To low and sordid minds, there was a charm in money that superseded all other considerations. I looked stedfastly in his face; an involuntary sigh escaped him, but he hemmed it away: Ah! thought I, that was a sigh of contrition. I hope you will have many of them. Mrs. Wilson rising to take leave put a stop to further conversation, and most heartily glad was I to depart. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson invited Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth to return the visit soon, which they promised to do. Mr. Wentworth waited on us home, and on taking leave desired his compliments to my sister.

The poor Maria was sitting reading in the parlour; on our entrance Mr. Wilson exclaimed, with uncommon warmth—'What shall we say of the man who could relinquish the possession of this lovely form, for an affected pert baby?'

Maria blushed—'Sure,' said Mrs. Wilson, 'you need not pay such high-flown compliments: and as to Mrs. Wentworth, she has the most beautiful face I ever saw; and though she is a little awry, she is a very pretty figure'—'I did not discover that she was awry,' said he, 'but in her temper, which I believe most married men will think is the worst part'. He winked at me, (I wish he would leave off winking when he talks *at* his wife; for I think she often sees it)—'No reflections, Mr. Wilson, on my temper; I am sure I have enough to sour it'—'I thought we were speaking of Mrs. Wentworth,' said Maria: 'pray, dear madam, don't be displeased—What a poor unfortunate girl am I to give my friends so much trouble!'

Supper came in, and Mr. Wilson said, 'Come, come, cease all

this nonsense; I shall not fall out with my supper'—Mrs. Wilson said she was too ill to eat; she should go to bed. We were not sorry to see her depart; for although he regards all she says and does with the utmost indifference, yet her ill humour tires if not vexes him. He never makes complaints of her, which I think is a proof of his good sense; for his trouble is of his own seeking; and besides, I believe he thinks himself repaid by the handsome fortune she brought him. We talked the whole evening of Mr. Wentworth: I said I thought he was sufficiently and justly punished for his conduct to Maria—'She hoped not,' she said—'Don't speak against your conscience, child,' said I; she declared she did not, and I believe her, although I am certain I could not exercise the same benevolence.

I have now been here five days, and have the pleasure to observe that each day has made an alteration for the better. She resigns herself to her lot with a patience that proves the amiable turn of her mind. I have written every day to Mrs. Ambrose; she presses my return, and to bring Maria with me, but she declines it at present; and as Mrs. Wilson has given me a cordial invitation I shall prolong my visit.

Adieu! my dear Susan; I will write again soon. Our joint respects to your mother.

Affectionately yours,

H. Vernon.

[*To be continued.*]

Account of the New Comedy called, 'The World,' performed for the first time, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Thursday, March 31.

The Characters were thus represented:

Cheviot, - - - -	Mr. Elliston.
Echo, - - - - -	Mr. Bannister.
Withers, - - - -	Mr. Wroughton.
Index, - - - - -	Mr. Matthews.
Subtle, - - - -	Mr. Wewitzer.
Social, - - - - -	Mr. Purser.
Loiter, - - - - -	Mr. De Camp.
Dauntless, - - -	Mr. Palmer.
Author, - - - -	Mr. Russel.
Margin, - - - -	Mr. Maddocks.
Lady Bloomfield,	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Barclay, -	Mrs. Powell.
Eleanor Barclay,	Miss Boyce.

FABLE.

The story turns principally on the characters of Cheviot and Echo. The latter has been long kept out of the world by the partiality of his parents, and at length arrives in town in order to commence man of business, and pay his addresses to lady Bloomfield, a young fashionable widow, whose father, a rich merchant, was indebted to the father of Echo for his prosperity. Young Echo, with the best disposition, is led to imitate every blockhead, and fall into every absurdity, in order to make a figure, and keep well with the world. With this view he has been induced to abandon Eleanor Barclay, an amiable girl of a poor family, to whom he had been attached in the country, and whom he deserts in a state of adversity. Cheviot is a foundling, a dependant from his infancy on a Mr. Davenant, a man of fortune, in Northumberland, who has placed him, to be initiated in trade, with Subtle, a gambling

and speculating merchant. The high spirit of Cheviot revolts from the practices of his preceptor, and he therefore leaves him, and becomes author, rather than resort to his protector for further assistance: Davenant having never admitted him to his presence, he disdains complaining to him, or continue to be treated as a mere object of charity. He is discovered in London by Withers, who had been his occasional visitor in the country, and being taxed by him with the restlessness of his disposition, enters into a vindication of his feelings, in which he throws some reproach on the parents who thus deserted him to a state of dependence so repugnant to his feelings. A variety of incidents, which it is not in our province to enumerate, occur, in which Cheviot engages the affections of lady Bloomfield, and discovers Mrs. Barclay and Eleanor, whom Echo had deserted, prisoners in the King's Bench. Their rivalship, as admirers of lady Bloomfield, brings them into contention; and Cheviot, by a strong and planned attack upon the feelings of Echo, rouses him to assert an independence of sentiment, and follow the laudable impulse of his heart; in consequence of which he shakes off his unfeeling and worthless companions and advisers, and is restored to his Eleanor. Cheviot is ultimately discovered to be the son of Davenant, who, under the name of Withers, had visited him as a stranger, and who, principally to avoid the odium of the world, as he was the offspring of an illicit attachment, had never avowed him but as an object of charity. Mrs. Barclay is found to be his mother, who, since she had been seduced by Davenant, had become the wife of another. The parties all meet, and become reconciled in the house; and through the benevolent mediation of lady Bloomfield, to whom Cheviot, though his pride and poverty had before induced him studiously to conceal his passion, is now encouraged to avow it; and the offending parties acknowledge the evils of sacrificing their peace of mind, and the honourable dictates of conscience, to the opinion of a misjudging world.

Some other characters, and especially that of Index (a bustling good-humoured old bachelor, who knows every thing, and every body), are active in the business of the piece, though not intimately connected with its main purpose.

From these materials Mr. Kenny has formed a drama, on the whole pleasing, and in some instances very interesting. The story is rather improbable; but that part of the plot which might prove disgusting in representation is carefully kept from our view, to the infinite advantage of the piece. The sentiments are occasionally very fine, but the dialogue in many instances is tedious. A considerable portion of skill and ability is, however, displayed throughout; the performers have parts well suited to their respective talents, and Elliston, Bannister, and Mrs. Jordan, received and merited, in every instance, the unqualified applause of the audience. On the whole the piece promises to become a general and permanent favourite of the public. The Epilogue is a very pleasant production, descriptive of what the World so abundantly presents to observation.

MOORAD, OR FILIAL PIETY.

A TALE.

[Continued from page 110.]

CHAP. IV.

'FROM the moment,' continued Mahomed, 'that your father committed yourself and Elmira to my arms I have neither beheld him, nor heard any tidings whatever concerning him. He was, I know, undetermined whether to conceal himself in the country, or fly for security to a foreign realm. It is a matter of extreme difficulty to frame a distinct opinion upon the subject; but under all the circumstances I should certainly incline to the latter, although without any definite foundation. Had he made his election of the former, so many years could not have elapsed without some communication, or indirect information, being received.

'That the protection of Divine Providence is vouchsafed to the righteous, is a question of an indisputable nature, and will prove to your pious father (in the moment of peril and distress) a source of confidence, and a certain safeguard. It therefore behoves us to look forward to the final termination of these dire scenes as the moment that we shall be gladdened with his presence, and witness his return with renovated joy to the arms of his ardent desiring friends.'

Hosain listened with profound attention to this relation. His feelings were agitated according to the various incidents which marked the recital, the tenor of which infused into his youthful bosom a new and powerful sensation, founded on the incertitude of his father's retreat, together with the possibility of his being still in his native country. He felt a strong desire to journey in search of him. This, added to his hesitation in what language to couch his sentiments, precluded for a time any reply.

'You, sir,' Hosain at length observed, 'whose experience and knowledge of mankind must enable you to dive into the inmost recesses of the heart, and, what is more material, to judge of what the conduct of man ought to be on difficult and trying occasions, will, I trust, accord your consent to the measure which my conscience dictates, as the just discharge of my filial duty. How fervently do I desire that my tongue could describe the feelings of my bosom, and paint in adequate colours the high sense I entertain of that duty which must emanate from the purest of Nature's gifts!

'O thou dear, and venerated author of my being! Were it given me by traversing the globe, or enduring the most painful of human inflictions, to ease thee of one moment's anguish, or mitigate one pang of thy sorrow, with what joy and alacrity would I enter upon the grateful office!

'For our benefit, sir, my father laboured incessantly in his youth, and in his age, sustained the most miserable calamities. Perhaps—but here let me stop. The forebodings of my heart afford so gloomy a presage of his fate, that humanity impels me to confine it to my own breast. A sense of gratitude, independent of the

imperious invitations of duty, urges me to launch into the world, and by searching for my parent, at least administer to myself the pleasing and consolatory idea of acting in conformity to my sense of duty.'

'Never,' returned Mahomed, 'let me check the honest impulse of nature, or the noble effusions of the soul. Advising you to desist from the attempt, and remain here in solitary expectation, would be only advising you to waste your years in unceasing delusion, and unavailing grief, which, not improbably, may terminate in a premature dissolution. Although, as you justly observe, your endeavours may not be crowned with success, the attempt will, indeed, afford you the highest degree of satisfaction.

'I have long determined,' continued Mahomed, 'to avail myself of a respite in the turbulence of the kingdom to proceed to Ispahan. As that moment appears now to have arrived, I have it in contemplation to undertake the journey without delay. I should therefore wish you to accompany us, and if we do not then receive tidings of your father, you shall meet with every facility the undertaking requires.'

Hosain's expressions were proportionate to the kindness of his patron, and they separated, mutually charmed with each other.

Elmira (the sister of Hosain) had now attained her seventeenth year. The virtues of her mind—the sweetness and modesty of her deportment—and the native purity of her heart, were circumstances that endeared her to all: and her mental acquirements procured her the esteem of others, and the approbation of herself.

Between Sigistan and Hosain there existed a close similarity both in person and disposition, with the exception, that the former delighted most in bodily exercises, and the latter in the pleasures of the mind. Their friendship had increased with their years, and their esteem was cemented by the highest respect for each other's virtues. The fraternal affection felt by Sigistan (in early years) for Elmira had now ripened into one of a much more tender nature. His love, though not of that unrestrained and violent nature which affords but an indifferent indication of permanence, was nevertheless strong and ardent.

To the youthful female (whose sensibility has not been corrupted by the vicious effects of what is termed high life, nor biased by the visionary scenes too often delineated in novels—and whose imagination is untainted with the silly love-tales of romance) the addresses of a man of near equality of years, and parity of disposition, and whose demeanor manifests his respectful love, cannot but be grateful—nor can she (unless pre-engaged) with-hold that return which is dictated by the voice of nature.

The bosom of Elmira glowed with all the warmth, and natural feelings, of real sensibility. She cherished from the earliest dawnings of maturity the truest affection for Sigistan, whose power over her heart (like the flower bursting from its bud) unfolded its benign influence, as her years, her sensibility, and her understanding increased.

CHAP. V.

An aged man, whose front was marked with misery, and the lines of whose face betrayed the state of his mind, hearing of the charitable character of Mahomed, had hastened to his residence to beg for alms. He was met at the portal by Hosain and Sigistan, who instantly supported him to an interior apartment, and addressed him with that reverence which is due to age. In few words they were informed of the cause of his visit. The attentions and anxious solicitude of the family occasioned a momentary respite to his grief.

Mahomed, after a long contemplation of his features, conceived that some sudden or dire misfortune had reduced him to his present pitiable state. He therefore entreated the relation of his story, intimating that he should not press it, if the recital might light the torch of regret, or revive the remembrance of a misfortune, which time might have lulled into a state of rest.

'I thank you,' replied the stranger, 'for the consideration annexed to your request, but though my present misfortunes derive their source from a lamentable and bitter circumstance, yet I find a sensible alleviation in communing with my fellow-creatures on the subject. There is an inward consolation (while reciting a melancholy or afflictive event of our lives) deduced from the sympathy of the person to whom we may address ourselves.

'I was originally,' continued he, 'designed for a mechanic, and my father expended a considerable sum for the instructions I received in the rudiments of my intended profession. I availed myself of every moment that could be gleaned from my occupation, to associate with men who had traversed the country, or had any knowledge of the world. I had ever an insatiable desire of learning the ways of men; in what manner they appropriated their time, and obtained that subsistence which I could only procure by manual labour.

'The characters with whom I associated were various, and each differed most essentially from the other's, both in opinions and pursuits. The more I sought, the more reason I had to be satisfied that no two men pursue the same track of life. Their entrance, I observed, was often attended with similar circumstances, but they soon became prejudiced, or were misguided by the diversifying of their intimacies—by the corruption of their fancies, or passions—and by the follies exhibited by those, to whom youth looked up for instruction or example.

'I acknowledge that such disappointments mitigated the ardour of my inquiry, and proved a considerable check to my industry.—But I ultimately determined to analize each character, and by rejecting the gross part of them I might derive the full profit of the remainder, and delineate a character worthy of imitation.

'With this object in view, I observed the principal trait in the first person I examined to be a general dissatisfaction. Whatever subject arrested his attention, the conclusion he formed seldom or ever varied. This practice had taken so firm a root in his system that it rendered him absolutely dissatisfied with himself. I was, therefore, not surprised at his being disgusted with others, and dis-

contented upon almost every occasion.

'The second was a pedant, fond of declaiming, and obtruding his false or vain arguments on the unwilling auditory. I was desirous of applying them to any laudable purpose of life, but they proved so completely illusive, and so full of conceit, that I turned from him with disgust, provoked that I should have bestowed on him the smallest attention.

'Another was inflated with an inordinate degree of self-love.—His ideas and pursuits were concentrated in himself alone, and he lived an insulated being in that community where it is our bounden duty to contribute to the happiness, and alleviate the misfortunes of each other. Such a character merits the epithet of a disgrace to the creation.

'A fourth was a person who possessed the best of principles, but being naturally of a credulous disposition he had placed great faith in the promises of professed patrons. The disappointments he experienced had taken such effect, that he became peevish and fretful in his temper, which rendered him averse to all sense of truth or justice.

'The behaviour of another was marked with an unwarrantable stock of insolence. His conduct was distinguished by a haughty demeanor, and a violation of all decorum. The arrogance of his air, and imperiousness of his manners, procured him a deserved and well-merited contempt.

'To be brief, my researches evinced that the virtues and beneficial advantages possessed by men are too often concealed or destroyed by their foibles or defects. I despaired of reaping any other solid benefit than by tracing the causes and effects of the imperfections I observed, that I might draw an inference of what was truly valuable, by what should be avoided.

'This resolution I pursued with more industry than success, and eventually was satisfied, that the only path of life that man can pursue with any just prospect of happiness is that which is guided by reason. By resignation to the Almighty Will — By an unvaried practice of acting with rectitude and honour, (even upon the most slight and trivial occasion)—and by a benevolent conduct toward our fellow-creatures.

'To the occupation of a mechanic I had ever a rooted aversion—it was so dissonant to my feelings, so contrary to the bent of my inclinations, that I wanted but a very slight occasion to induce me to throw off the yoke. This occasion presented itself by the new mode of life I had determined to lead. In order to render this new mode valuable to myself, and to mankind, I determined finally to renounce my profession, and by mixing in the various classes of society, to investigate the causes of most human miseries,—to endeavour to point out the source of the evils, and of an apparent effectual remedy. With an imagination heated with a prospect of success I sold all my stock, and placed the money in the hands of a merchant; the interest of which, together with the produce of my patrimony, I expected would be amply sufficient, not only to furnish me with the necessaries of life, but also with the means of encouraging the industrious, rewarding the honest, and relieving the distressed.

'I cannot avoid a remark on the

criminal conduct of those parents who embark their child in a profession, not only foreign to his genius, but clashing with his innate ideas of succeeding in the world. Every child, on attaining a certain age, has formed a desire of some nature. He is either fired with a degree of ambition—of signalizing himself in arms—of amassing riches—of dictating laws to his country—of breathing the pure spirit of religion,—or distinguishing himself in some way of which he has read, or heard, that fame, glory, or riches, are its sure and certain attendants. Is a man to exert a parental authority merely because he is a father?—to dictate a choice of life (without consulting the inclination) because he has been informed of some natural right to implicit obedience?—Can any thing be more opposite to justice, or more repugnant to nature, than to assume such an authority?'

'Your remark is just,' said Mahomed; 'it too often occurs that parents assume that authority, even when the means of gratifying the wishes of the child are completely within their power; and, not unfrequently, they avoid consulting its inclination, because they are apprehensive of an hostility to that profession which they have fondly cherished for his advancement. This conduct admits of no palliative, but when attended with such circumstances, a considerable addition is made to the criminality.'

'An impression,' said the stranger, 'had been early made on my mind, that we cannot attain a true estimation of happiness, nor enjoy that degree of felicity to which mankind generally aspire, without possessing a friend. I do not mean in the ordinary acceptation of that word, but in the real and true meaning of it, a friend in whose faithful and sympathising bosom we can repose, with unlimited confidence, the secrets of the heart; where the sorrows will be softened, and the pleasures justly merit that term, when such a person participates in them. This impression led me to seek a character whose sentiments and feelings were congenial with my own. I frequented the haunts of men whose genius and abilities procured them the respect and esteem of their cotemporaries. It was with great regret I remarked a trait in many of them, proving incontestably the frailty of human nature. By their genius, knowledge, and weight, they obtained the attention and admiration of mankind, and they associated together with every appearance of friendship, cordiality, and esteem; yet, in truth, no small degree of malignity lurked in their breasts. I was much concerned that their assiduity to improve the morals of the public in writing volumes for their delight and instruction, and the advancement of science, was frequently diverted from its dignified, and truly laudable course, by a mutual recrimination, and by detracting from each other's merit. In such cases their conduct was doubly culpable; they were, in fact, existing monuments of contradiction to their own precepts; and so effectually sullied the character of a moralist, that a considerable restraint was thrown on that docility with which the public would otherwise have received their admonitions.

'There were others, however, whose life and actions were the very counterpart and true reflection of the virtues inculcated in their useful pages, and affords a

striking proof to posterity of the sublime character of man, when a real sense of the objects for which the beneficence of the Almighty placed him here, is attended to.'

[*To be continued.*]

THE

INCOMBUSTIBLE SPANIARD.

[*From Dr. Davies' Work, intitled, 'More Subjects than One.'*]

'AS I have endeavoured, in various parts of my work, to introduce such subjects as were in my opinion calculated to entertain my reader, I shall conclude by introducing one to him that will astonish him, and even, perhaps, stagger his confidence in the historian; I trust, however, that the anecdote, though mysterious and incredible, *prima facie,* will be no longer doubted, when, to my own statement, and to substantiate the facts I am going to mention, I adduce the concurring evidence of a highly accurate and respectable traveller.

Numerous publications have acquainted the world with the ingenious devices and shows instituted in Paris for the purpose of amusing the community, and providing the inventors with a livelihood. The prophecies of cunning people in the streets; divination of lottery-booths by the Turkish emperor, or some other puppet; the glass-wheel of fortune; the golden chain of fate, and necromancy practised under various shapes, are considered as wonderful attainments of the human mind, and, by some persons, even as the result of supernatural inspiration. Next to these curiosities may be likewise added the ludicrous exhibition on the Boulevards of a flea drawing an elephant, or conducting a carriage and six horses, having ladies and gentlemen in it; a duel between two flies with the small-sword; and similar miraculous entertaining sights.

But the Incombustible Spaniard is the phenomenon who has excited universal astonishment and horror in the metropolis; who was feared by the police; whom the faculty tortured, in order to ascertain whether his frame was equally insensible to cutting and blows as it was to the action of fire. This man had long been in the habit of drinking boiling oil or water in the presence of numerous spectators, who assembled to witness the astonishing fact; and, by way of refreshing his mouth, holding one of these liquids in it while he washed his hands, arms, and face, in melted lead. Do not suppose, reader, that these feats gave him any pain, or that he had the least occasion to repent of his temerity: on the contrary, having thus revived his sight and gustatory nerves, he would, though I was not a witness of this fact, complete his toilet by rubbing on his skin a cosmetic lotion composed of aqua-fortis.

I have been assured that he would also occasionally revert to the latter, by way of a cordial. And, with regard to pedestrian exercise, not any thing is so agreeable to him to tread upon, barefooted, when he would indulge himself with a walk, as red-hot bars of iron; nor does he hesitate to take up in his hand the burning metal, and wipe his naked arm with it.

This unfeeling Spaniard has, by order of his torturer, been saluted

with one or two smart bastinadoes; but to a repetition of this operation he long since put in his veto, though he consents to have incisions made in the calves of his legs, and to allow a gold pin to be passed from one side of his wrist to the other. Pain was once or twice the result of some deep incisions in his legs; but he expresses not much uneasiness during the pin's short journey from one side of his wrist to the other.

M. Kotzebue writes thus of him: 'Do you see the jar of oil bubbling and boiling over a coal fire? The young man who takes it off drinks a hearty draught of its burning contents without distorting a feature, rinses his mouth for some time with it as if it were water, and spits it out still boiling; he then, with the remainder of the oil in the pot, washes his hands, arms, face, and even eyes, which, however, he shuts. Having been purified by the fire, like the asbestos, he takes a walk by way of a change, with his naked feet on a piece of red-hot iron; and to refresh himself he even licks the glowing metal with his tongue. If this poor youth be equally insensible to the flames of love, he is undoubtedly to be pitied. All this is no imposture, but really happens as I have now related: but whether, as some assert, he causes a kind of salamander ointment to be rubbed into the skin, which is not to be perceived, I shall leave undetermined.'

This man is of a middle stature, thin, and of a coarse and dark complexion; but his skin presents no particularities, at least, not to the naked eye of the observer. He is turned of thirty, and is exceedingly active. He can scarcely distinguish by his taste one aliment from the other; smooth and rough bodies produce the same impression to his touch; but although incombustible he is not insensible to the cold. He is in good health, and married; but has no children, or they might prove a valuable acquisition to our fire insurance offices.

He had engaged at Verdun, and I know not for what reason it was declined, to spend a short time in a heated oven, and to retire when the joint that he proposed taking with him should be properly cooked. He might probably have had some fear of being baked himself, or why not, salamander like, have placed himself in the burning medium?

Such a being would of course engross a fire to the exclusion of every other person, and not perhaps be satisfied without sitting down upon it; in which case, however, he would meet with no competitor.

It has been said that this phenomenon employed a preparation to guarantee his body from the action of fire: again, that the fluids he took were not of a boiling heat; and the vulgar insist that he carried Beelzebub in his entrails. Certain it is that he was shunned for fear he should possess others with the devil.—*But is he not an impostor after all?*

FASHIONABLE EVENING DRESSES.

1. A SHORT dress of purple and white-shot sarcenet, ornamented with a Vandyke bor-

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Evening Dresses.

der round the bottom of white velvet, or satin; the sleeves of purple velvet, made in points to the shoulders, and the under-part of white satin; the bottom of the sleeves trimmed with a Vandyke lace and tucker to correspond: a rich lace-cap, with a small caul, terminating in lappets, and ornamented in front with a pearl crescent, and spray pearl necklace and bracelets, with purple shoes.

2. A short dress of white sarcenet, ornamented round the bottom with a fancy border, either painted or embroidered in silk; sleeves of white crape, with a narrow border, tucker of fine lace: a cap of white crape, with lappets similar to the other figure, trimmed with lace: necklace and bracelets of gold bullion; yellow kid shoes.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

A NOVEL.

In a Series of Letters.

BY SOPHIA TROUGHTON.

[Continued from Supplement of vol. xxxviii, p. 707.]

LETTER XII.

Miss Lester to the Marchioness of Della Nocera.

THE next day the obsequious baronet called on me to pay his compliments and inquire how I was. He insisted with the politest anxiety to see the amiable patient, and was admitted up to me. He made me a profusion of compliments;—told me the accident had produced one extraordinary effect. —'I had,' said he, 'imagined that you never could look more beautiful; but you now excell yourself. If I did not think it would be attended with danger, I would venture'—and he did venture, spite of the danger, to imprint an ardent kiss on my lips. That man, Dorzella, takes great liberties, and I know entertains very presumptuous thoughts; but take my word for it, in the end he will be the loser. Had I not my own private schemes to answer, of which he must be the chief tool, I would have frowned him dead for a much less offence.

He conducted me down with great care, and the good folk congratulated me on being able to leave my room. Walsingham lamented the cruel accident, which would deprive them of the pleasure my graceful dancing always gave. Champly chimed into the same tune.

Diable take all stratagems, plots, and contrivances, said I, mentally, on Baderly's asking me if I thought I could walk a minuet with him. Was not this a tormenting question? for the first time, too, that he had ever asked me to dance with him.

I was so provoked I could scarcely refrain from tearing the bandage from my leg, and convincing them that my feet were as nimble, and my carriage more graceful, than any woman's present. But I mortified myself then, in hopes one day to mortify them all.

Walsingham and Champly sat down by me. Lady Mary was standing on one side the sofa; I saw her, but the gentlemen did not.

'Had my ankle been in a convalescent state,' said I, speaking

loud, 'I would not have danced with Baderly; for the feelings of poor lady Mary, I know, would have been hurt by imagining that he slighted her in dancing with another.'

'The feelings of lady Mary! w-h-i-s-e; who the devil would regard her feelings if honoured with the hand of miss Lester?' said the baronet.

'Well, but sir Harry,' replied I, 'I am convinced she thinks Mr. Baderly loves her, and means to apply to the earl for his permission to address her, although it is obvious to every other person that he is only amusing himself with her: yet it would not be friendly in me, you know, to snatch the mask from her fancied happiness.'

Champly was about to animadvert on her folly, but Baderly at that instant went to, and addressed her. This drew the eyes of my gentleman to where she stood covered with confusion: but Baderly, without taking notice of her disorder, with an easy, polite air, begged the honour of leading her into the dance.

Quick burning blushes overspread her neck and face; every feature was working in strong emotion; her eyes fixed on the ground; her limbs trembling in agonizing shame.

I could not just then analyze my own feelings, but contempt was soon the predominant passion, on seeing Baderly look terrified, and taking the blushing fool by the hand tenderly draw her towards him.—'You are ill, my Mary,' said he; 'what shall I get you?' She raised her eyes, swimming in tears, and fixing them a moment on his face, exclaimed, mournfully,—'Your Mary—Ah! Mr. Baderly.'—And then the silly body covered her face with both her hands, burst into tears, and sunk down on the sofa, on which she had been leaning. Baderly seemed petrified with astonishment:—she was sinking with confusion. An hysterical sob or two, which brought the inquiring eyes of the whole room on her, did not serve to lessen it. Both ladies and gentlemen hastened to her: one offered salts; another hartshorn; a third called for water; while a fourth was prescribing burnt feathers.

I believe she wished herself a hundred miles from them all; while I enjoyed the ludicrous scene highly; especially as no one but myself knew the occasion of all the bustle.

At last my lady shook her plumes; and rising, said she would intrude no longer on the kindness of her friends, and the festivity of the evening, but retire.

My mirth had like to have been a little ungovernable at seeing her crawl out of the room, leaning on the arm of her maid. Baderly had offered his assistance, but—'No, indeed; she would trouble no one: her maid was quite sufficient.'

Oh, Dorzella! I experienced perfect satisfaction on seeing her mincing, unassured step; her tottering, awkward gait; her face the colour of Mount Ætna when in an eruption; and her eyes looking as red and as brilliant as a ferret's.

I'll teach her to endeavour at captivating the affections of any man I honour with particular regard. But the conceited fool's disappointment will be punishment enough; and disappointed she must be, most surely; for were there no such person as myself in being, he, the noble Ba-

derly, could never stoop to such a soft, stupid, ugly thing as she for a wife.

So poor lady Mary will, I fear, be doomed to lead apes in the shades below. Happy for thee if thou canst drink and bathe thy troubled soul in the oblivious waters of Lethe; then thou mayest forget thou once wast a brilliant; but of so little lustre thou could'st not dazzle the eyes of the man of thy heart. Yet, perhaps, the glitter of thy father's gold may save thee from the odious epithet of an old maid. Some needy lord, that he may still be enabled to keep his favourite mistress in her former style—bet as high—squander as much as usual among gamesters, pimps, and black-legs—may sell thee his name for thy gold. But gilt as thou art, and titled as thou mayest be, the world will still exclaim with me, 'Poor lady Mary!'

This morning Julia came with her sister's compliments, and inquiries after my health. I told her I was so well recovered I could accompany her to lady Walsingham's room without difficulty. She offered me her arm, but I showed her that I could walk as well as herself.

This Caroline looks as well as ever—a little paler only for her accouchement.

She opened a small parcel which laid on the table, and told me that for the last three days she had been amusing herself by taking the likenesses of her children. They are two oval, highly-finished likenesses, exquisitely drawn. I praised them; I could not help it—'Well,' said she, 'since you approve them, I will follow my first design of sending them to town, and have them set for bracelets.'

'They will look extremely elegant,' said I, 'but since you delineate with such charming accuracy, you must not refuse to favour me with a portraiture of my lovely Julia.' She bowed assent.—'My dear miss Lester's wish shall be complied with.'

'Ah!' said Julia, 'I almost think you deal in magic, and knew of my intention to quit Walsingham; why else wish for a copy when the original is daily before you?' She smiled faintly, and a rising blush mantled on her pale cheek.

'Quit Walsingham, Julia! quit Walsingham, my dear sister! why should you wish to leave me?' and the tear glistened on the cheek of the soft-eyed Caroline.

Julia looked excessively embarrassed, and alternately changed from red to pale. At length, collecting some of the boasted dignity of her ancestors, she arose, crossed her arms on her heaving bosom, and casting her eyes, surcharged with tears, upward, exclaimed, with a mighty tragic air, 'Oh, lady Walsingham! Oh, my sister! pride of our family! Heaven knows it is not my wish, but my punishment to leave you: but indispensable calls must be obeyed. Necessity, cruel necessity compels me to quit Walsingham. I have received a letter from my great aunt, lady AletheaWalsingham. She requires my attendance. You have heard her tender care of me in myinfancy, and cannot wonder that I am unhappy in being absent from her at a time when she says her health is getting hourly worse, and her memory almost gone. I have received her letter a fortnight, but would not communicate the contents till I saw you nearly restored to your former health. As that

much-desired event will soon be accomplished, I shall *as* soon bid adieu to the noble company who honour you with their presence; for the day that restores you to your admiring friends below carries me from gaiety; from society; from happiness, and from you. But I wish not to distress you, my dear sister, and yet I am undesignedly doing it. If miss Lester honours me so much as to wish for my resemblance, and you, lady Walsingham, will take it, I will sit with pleasure.'

I persevered in requesting a portrait; though you will perhaps ask with Julia, Why wish for her picture? I tell you, I care no more for her portrait than for the likeness of his holiness the Pope; but it will keep two of them employed, and prevent them from turning their attention too much on me.

I went down to dinner, and at table mentioned Julia's resolution of leaving us (she was not present). Walsingham expressed much surprise; widow Howard, dissatisfaction. And certainly Baderly must be excessively troubled at the news. I believe that man can read my inmost thoughts, and takes delight in torturing me. He is concerned for every thing, and every body, but me.

This foolish Champly is very importunate with me to give him an answer; and a favourable one he expects: but I would soon give the wretch one he little would like, only for the present he serves to vent one's ill-humour on. When we go to town I shall find more sightly fools, and then will send him about his business.

Did I not think the man too poor a creature to excite fear, even in a jealous lover, I would coquet a little with him, in hopes of rousing Baderly's indifference; but the jackanapes is too foolish even for a scarecrow. Mon Dieu! Dorzella, can you not contrive to send count de Martino here? He would answer the purpose most charmingly. Without one grain of common sense he is as conceited as Phaeton: yet beautiful as the Belvidere Apollo. But he is dying away with the languishing, soul-thrilling, melting harmony, which he and you are at this moment hearing at the Casino: for well I remember this is your night. Would to Heaven I was with you; but my seat will be occupied by another.

However, my sweet marchioness, I have one consolation:—No one can appear with more eclat;—few with so much as I did.

Votre ami,

HELEN LESTER.

LETTER XIII.

Lady Walsingham to the Countess of Aubry.

Walsingham-hall.

ONCE more, my dear mother, do I address you. I should have wrote before, but Mrs. Howard kindly undertook to inform you of our health and affairs.

That charming woman improves on me every day. I should have found my confinement rather irksome but for her; as Walsingham was obliged to devote much of his time to the entertainment of his company: but my amiable friend suffered me to experience no sort of dullness. If I was low-spirited she would provoke risibility by some merry tale; was I cheerful, she was gay, and in a

soft key would chant some pleasing ballad: when disposed to rest, she would smooth my pillow, and watch over me with more than sisterly kindness. She has been my nurse, my friend, almost my guardian angel.

Oh, madam; may I be found on trial worthy of such a friend! if I follow your precepts and example I am sure I shall.

When I was able to see company she would be mistress of the ceremonies.

Lord Seymore I believe admires her the more when seeing her engaged in those friendly offices; but he cannot love her better than she deserves.

I have relieved Julia of her employments these three days. After the cloth was drawn to-day, and the servants retired, she said, though not without embarrassment, that as she could no longer be useful here, she should take the opportunity to go to her aunt, who had desired her to come, and where she could be of service.

'What, you are going to old Alethea, are you, Julia?' said her brother.

'I am going to my aunt's, lady Alethea Walsingham,' replied Julia, very gravely; 'and am much surprised, my lord, to hear you speak with such disrespect of that noble and venerable relation.'

'Well, well, my dear Julia, I have no other quarrel with the worthy ancient than her being so unconscionable as to require your attendance at a time she knows you are so much better employed than feeding her cats, monkies, parrots, squirrels, dogs, and birds. I have often thought it was my aunt furnished the Tatler with a very laughable paper—How old do you think the noble old woman is, Julia?'

'How old?' replied she, in evident displeasure, 'not fourscore, my lord.'

'Well then,' continued Adolphus, not heeding her frowns, 'the antediluvian I was speaking of could not be lady Alethea Walsingham, though the similarity of their taste makes it very pardonable if I should have mistaken the one for the other. The Tatler's old lady flourished in the reign of queen Anne.

'But, Julia, cannot you write her word that the future earl of Walsingham will not spare you? Tell her when you are out of the sight of his little lordship he frets so excessively that you fear he will leave her beloved house without a representative.

Julia muttered something like—as well be without as have one not sensible of his dignity!

Sir Harry, who values no one's feelings so his own are gratified, requested Adolphus to tell him the story he alluded to.

'Oh,' said Walsingham, 'you have nothing to do but accompany Julia, and the story will tell itself. Most probably you would find my aunt poring over some musty annals of heraldry; and the only difference is, that Isaac Bickerstaff's friend found his lady reading romances with her spectacles on.

'Well, the old gentleman was no sooner seated, and the old lady laid aside her book, when a huge monkey whisked the astonished man's wig off his head, and cast it into the fire; he arose in haste to snatch his suffering peruke from the flames: but on sitting down the boney beak of the parrot fastened on his heel, made him roar

out with pain, and caused him to relinquish his unfortunate wig once more. On putting his hand in his pocket for his handkerchief, to wipe the dust off the curls, he found to his sorrow the lady's squirrel had taken possession, and seemed as if he meant to keep it; for he made a violent snap at his fingers. Scug's mistress offered court-plaster, but the gentleman was for going before he received any more mischief: he, however, experienced the truth of the old adage, 'More haste than good speed;' for in descending the stairs with uncommon precipitation he trod on an old, fat, surly dog, who launched him from the top to the bottom without the trouble of walking down, and bathed his feet in a full pail of water standing at the bottom.'

Miss Lester and sir Harry joined in a hearty laugh. Julia looked extremely vexed.

'And so, my lord, you compare lady Alethea to such a ridiculous old woman as this, do you? But I must tell your lordship, if your visits were a little more frequent you would know that lady Alethea always receives her company in an hospitable, proper manner, and knows as well'—'Well, my dear Julia, I know she is a good creature; and I did not mean to offend you. She has been kind to you, I will own, but would have been still kinder if she had not instilled her formal *outré* notions into your youthful mind; but as it is, you are as well read in the art of heraldry as herself, particularly in the archives of the house of Walsingham, and she is better acquainted with the business than half the clerks in the herald's office.' 'Well!' said Julia, with warmth, 'I wish your descendants may not find your life a blank in their annals; they will never be able to tire their hearers with your exploits or noble achievements—but I'll leave you to entertain your company, and laugh at the hard-earned laurels of your illustrious forefathers. Display your wit, my lord, in jeering at the numerous trophies won in the hostile field, and dearly purchased by their heart's blood.'

She courtesyed round, and was retiring. I arose and took her hand.—'Stay, my dear sister.—leave us not in anger; your brother is not serious. He venerates lady Alethea; and glories in the deeds of his noble ancestors.'

She pressed my hand to her bosom.—'You are an angel, my Caroline, and would have been a fit consort for the generous Algernon, fourth earl of Walsingham.'

Adolphus, suppressing a laugh, arose, and taking her hand—'I hope, my dear Julia, Caroline is a fit consort for the present earl of Walsingham.'—'She is too good for you,' said Julia, sullenly, as he led her to her chair.

The conversation was changed, and the remainder of the day passed very agreeably.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRAORDINARY VIEW of a THUNDER-STORM, when sitting far above it. With a Description of the Fort where it happened, its Effects on the Author, and his Observations.

[*From Harriot's Struggles through Life.*]

THE singular appearance of a thunder-storm, which I witnessed at Condepillee, deserves a better

description than I am capable of giving. To enable the reader to form a clearer conception it may be proper to give him some idea of the fort and situation.

The whole comprehends three forts, one within the other. The pettah, or village, is to the eastward, on the outside the fort, at the foot of the hills, and opening on the plains of Golconda. The wall of the outer fort, as it is called, is some miles in extent, encompassing several hills; the wall itself is built not much unlike some of the stone fences to be seen in various parts of England; nor is stronger. The middle fort is so high up the hills as to make the greater part of it inaccessible, by perpendicular rocks. The passage up from the lower fort is formed by regularly cut stone steps, several feet wide, and winding in its ascent up the valley. I have run up it in twenty minutes, but it required three quarters of an hour to walk it leisurely.

Little or nothing had been done when I was there to strengthen it, though very capable of improvement. The inner fort was an exceeding high pinnacle of a rock, completely inaccessible every way except by a narrow path, up stone steps, so high from one to the other, and insecure withal, as to require both hands and feet to climb up in safety. A large stone tank, or reservoir, hollowed out of the solid rock, was always full of water, and must have been supplied by the clouds, which often encompassed and crowned its head. Not being commanded by any other height, a few men could defend it against any force, so long as they had provision.

In hot weather we frequently ascended to the middle fort, on account of the pleasant temperature of the air; the difference being such that while people below would be gasping for breath from the heat, we could with pleasant ease move about, or even play at trap-ball in this higher fort.

I had one afternoon climbed up to the higher fort, to enjoy the extensive prospect, and breathe a cooler air, when the clouds began to gather along the eastern side of the mountain, about midway between me and the plain, or lower fort where we resided. It was not long before the lightning and thunder produced a tremendous, but most awfully-grand effect from the clouds below me. The lower fort, the pettah, and the plains, were deluged with rain, while I sat on high with a serene, beautiful, clear sky over my head, calmly looking down, delighted with the playful appearance of the lightning as it darted its beautiful zigzags from the clouds at my feet, while the loud peals of thunder reverberated along the different vallies between the mountains.

I have seen many grand sights, but never any thing comparable to the superlatively-glorious view that was then presented. I fancied myself like Jupiter on Mount Olympus, when hurling his thunder-bolts, &c. Nay, more, my heart bounded in ecstasy and grateful adoration to the Deity, who thus afforded me a kind of foretaste of supreme pleasure and happiness, arising from inward sensation more than from the grand outward spectacle I had been witness to, and which, prior to that moment, I could form no idea of enjoying. I felt as if etherial rather than mortal; and it was not till long after the storm

below had been dispersed, and the shades of evening were approaching, that I could persuade myself to leave the spot where I had experienced such exquisite mental felicity.

Possibly there are many who may smile at my declaring that often since, when I have been in critical situations, whether I should live or die, the recollection of this glimmering view of what a refined mind is capable of enjoying has tended more to divest me of fear, and encouraged the hope of exchanging this life for a better, than any other circumstance, thing, or knowledge I have otherwise obtained.

Anecdote of Dr. Radcliffe.

KING William, in 1692, after his return from Loo in Holland, where he had ratified the treaty of Ryswick, found himself very much indisposed at his palace at Kensington, and, as usual, after his physicians in ordinary had given their opinions, would have Doctor Radcliffe's advice. When he was admitted, the king was reading sir Roger L'Estrange's new version of Æsop's Fables. His majesty told him that he had once more sent for him to try the effects of his great skill, notwithstanding he had been told by his body-physicians, who were not sensible of his inward decay, that he might yet live many years, and would very speedily recover. Upon which the doctor, having put some interrogatories to him, with a quick presence of mind, asked leave of his majesty to turn to a fable in the book before him, which would let him know how he had been treated, and read it to him. He then read as follows—'Pray, sir, how do you find yourself? says the doctor to his patient; why, truly, says the patient, I have had a most violent sweat—Oh! the best sign in the world, quoth the doctor.—And then in a little while he is at it again.—Pray, how do you find your body. Alas! says the other, I have just now such a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me!—Why this is all as it should be, says the physician, it shows a mighty strength of nature. And then he comes over him with the same question again.—Why I am all swelled says the other, as if I had a dropsy.—Best of all, quoth the doctor, and goes his way. Soon after this comes one of the sick man's friends to him with the same question—How he felt himself—Why, truly, so well, says he, that I am even ready to die of I know not how many good signs and tokens.'—Then, addressing the king—May it please your majesty, said Dr. Radcliffe, yours and the sick man's case in the fable are the very same. You are buoyed up with hopes that your malady will soon be driven away by persons that are not apprised of means to do it, and know not the true cause of your ailment; but I must be plain with you, and tell you that in all probability, if your majesty will adhere to my prescriptions, it may be in my power to lengthen out your life for three or four years, but beyond that time nothing in physic can protract it; for the juices of your stomach are all vitiated, your whole mass of blood is corrupted, and your nutriment for the most part turns to water. However, if your majesty will forbear making long visits to the earl of Bradford

(where the king used to drink very hard) I will try what can be done to make you live easily, though I cannot venture to say I can make your life longer than I have told you.—He then left a recipe, which was so happy in its effects as to enable the king not only to make a progress into the Western parts of his kingdom, but to go to Holland and take his pleasure at Loo.

At the close of the year 1699 the king on his return from Holland found himself very much out of order, and sent for Dr. Ratcliffe to Kensington. After the necessary questions put by the physician to the royal patient, the king showing his swoln ankles, while the rest of his body was emaciated and like a skeleton, said 'Doctor, what think you of these?' 'Why, truly replied Radcliffe, 'I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms;' which freedom was resented so much, though not taken notice of then, that all the interest of the earl of Albemarle, the favourite, could not reinstate him in his majesty's favour, who from that hour never would suffer him to come into his presence, though he continued to make use of his diet-drinks till three days before his death, which happened much about the time the doctor had calculated, and which the king had frequently said to the earl before mentioned would come to pass in verification of Radcliffe's prediction.

Doctor Radcliffe once entertained prince Eugene of Savoy with a very remarkable dinner, which was occasioned by the following accident. During this prince's stay in England it happened that his highness' nephew, the chevalier Soissons, was so bruised in a nightly encounter with the watch that he was thrown into a violent fever, which was said to terminate in the small pox. Dr. Radcliffe, after a day, being called upon for his advice, frankly told the prince—'that he was extremely concerned he could be of no service to him in the recovery of a person so dear and so nearly related to him as the chevalier, since the sieur Swartenburgh, is highness' physician, had put it out of his power, by mistaking the nature of the distemper; but that he should deem it among the greatest honours he had ever received if he might have the happiness of entertaining so great a general, to whose noble achievements England was so much indebted, at his poor habitation.' In consequence of this invitation, after the chevalier was interred among the Ormond family in Westminster Abbey, and the prince had dined and supped with several of the nobility, he acquainted Dr. Radcliffe with his intention of making him a visit on such a day. The doctor made provision for his guest, and instead of the high dainties which his highness found at other tables, he ordered his to be covered with barons of beef, jaggets of mutton, and legs of pork, for the first course. Upon which the prince at taking leave said very gallantly in French, 'Doctor, I have been treated at other tables like a courtier, but received at yours like a soldier, for which I am highly indebted to you, since I must tell you that I am more ambitious of being called by the latter appellation than by the former. Nor can I wonder at the bravery of the British nation which has such food and liquors of its

own growth as you have this day given us a proof of! The prince in mentioning the liquors alluded to some beer seven years old, which the doctor caused to be served round to the company.

Description of the Remains of the ancient Roman Town of Pompeii in Italy.

[*From Lemaistre's Travels.*]

FROM Portici we drove to Pompeia or Pompeii (for it is called by both names) a distance of ten miles. The country is beautiful and the road excellent. Our expectations, highly as they had been raised, were, on arriving, much exceeded by the reality. Pompeii is not, like Herculaneum under ground, and only visible in parts, and by torch-light: the whole is seen in open day; and the ruins might be taken for those of a city only just destroyed. We walked through the streets, the pavement of which still exists; and the marks of the carriages which once rolled over them are clearly discerned. The streets are narrow, and have flag-stones on each side for foot passengers. We saw two perfect amphitheatres, with the seats which the citizens of Pompeii formerly occupied, and plainly distinguished the boxes of the consuls marked by corresponding ornaments. The public inscriptions also remain.

We next entered the temple of Isis *, and beheld the altar, the secret stair-case, and hiding-place whence the priests pronounced the answers of the oracle; the place of slaughter, and that of sacrifice, &c. &c. We likewise visited the barracks of the soldiers, which stood at one end of the town.

The private houses are but small, and each possesses a hall, or entrance-room, in which a fountain of water constantly played. The apartments would be thought very little even in England, and in this hot climate must have been very inconvenient.

The burying ground of Diomedes, and the villa of a rich citizen, were the next objects which drew our attention. The latter is the only edifice which conveys some idea of a large mansion.

From the limited dimensions of the houses here (notwithstanding the paintings and other valuable articles found within them, which prove that economy cannot have occasioned this diminutive style of building), and from the circumstance of not one ancient dwelling being left at Rome, though the Coliseum, the Pantheon, and even parts of the emperor's palace, remain, I am inclined to conjecture that a custom, originating in the spirit of republicanism, made the

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* This temple was built of brick, and covered with a kind of stucco. Some of the pillars are still entire, they are nine feet and a half high, and of the Doric order. All the instruments employed in sacrifice were found in this temple: candelabra, lamps, lustral basins, &c. Skeletons were also lying here, supposed to be the remains of the priests, who, as they were performing the sacred rites, were smothered in the shower of lava which destroyed the town. The walls were ornamented with emblems descriptive of the worship of Isis, and even with paintings of the *costumes* of the priests.

masters of the world avoid every appearance of ostentation in private habitations *; while the utmost magnificence, luxury, and taste, abounded in the theatres and forums where the people assembled; in the mansions where the magistrates, the consuls, or the emperors resided; in the baths devoted to public use; and in the temples of the gods. As I am no antiquary, I pretend not to give a decisive opinion on a fact with which I am so little acquainted, and only throw out this idea as one which has suggested itself more than once since I crossed the Alps.

I resume the subject of Pompeii. In the cellars of the villa several bodies were found, supposed to have been those of servants; while in another part were discovered, surrounded by bags of useless gold, the carcasses of their masters. Fine paintings *al-fresco* are still visible, and some of them are on transparent marble. When water is thrown on these pictures, they appear in all the freshness of their original colouring. The subjects of some of these paintings are not very decorous, according to modern ideas of delicacy; different signs, distinguishing the different trades carried on in shops are plainly perceived, and, among them, those of a tavern-keeper, on which all sorts of refreshments are painted.

Having given you these few particulars, I need scarcely mention how much we were gratified in strolling about a place inhabited by the Romans, and which looked as if they had ceased but yesterday to occupy it. Identifying their persons with their habitations, we seemed to see them at their games, at their devotions, in the interior of their private dwellings, at their military exercises, walking or driving about their streets, enjoying social converse, preparing feasts, or consulting the oracle of their gods, in short in their daily occupations,—in the kitchen, the bed-chamber, the cellar, the library, the market, the walk, the forum, the theatre, the camp, and the temple.

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* In looking into Mr. Gibbon's account of Rome, since my return to England, I was happy to find my conjecture confirmed by the following beautiful passage:

In the commonwealth of Athens and Rome, the modest simplicity of private houses announced the equal condition of freedom, whilst the sovereignty of the people was represented in the majestic edifices destined to the public use. Nor was this republican spirit totally extinguished by the introduction of wealth and monarchy: it was in works of national honour and benefit that the most virtuous of the emperors affected to display their magnificence. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.*

Perhaps the splendid residence of Lucullus, Verres, and some others, may be adduced as contradicting the probability of this supposition. I shall only observe that these particular cases prove nothing against the general custom. I have no doubt that some few Romans occupied habitations infinitely more splendid, and more spacious, than the palaces of modern sovereigns; but I apprehend that the wealthy citizens of ancient Rome were usually satisfied with much humbler houses than those which persons in similar circumstances now occupy in the great capitals of Europe.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

REASON TRIUMPHANT.

THE matron Reason, and young Love,
Long time with equal forces strove,
Contending, sought with care
To gain the empire of my heart,
And never from its throne depart,
But reign sole sovereign there.

'A truce, dame Reason,' Cupid cried,
'Let us th'unconquer'd realm divide,
And rule with equal sway;'
She, frowning, shook her sapient head,
And gravely thus: 'Young sir,' she said,
'Give heed to what I say:—

'Know never yet did human heart,
That bow'd obedient to thy dart,
E'er own my power divine;
Ne'er did thy votaries to me
In homage bend the suppliant knee,
Nor offer at my shrine.

'No:—as the Tempter could not bear
The touch of bright Ithuriel's spear,
But starts a fiend confest,
So in the mind where thou dost reign,
If Reason's ray should entrance gain,
Thou'd'st sink a slave deprest:

'But be the maid we wish to gain
Sole arbitress of this our claim,
Well bow to her decree;'—
"Agreed," cried Love, "the case is clear,
She's mine!—Did ever youthful fair
Submit alone to thee?"

With scornful eye the boy I view'd—
'Now own,' I cried, 'thyself subdu'd,
Thy useless bow resign;
Sage goddess of the thought mature!
Nought from thy paths shall me allure,
Henceforth I'm wholly thine!'

MARY D——.

A CHOICE.

A GRACEFUL form, a radiant eye,
An airy mien, a sprightly song,
A flattering tale, a half-feign'd sigh,
Has charms to gain th'unwary throng.
But if t'ensnare my guarded heart
Effectual means should e'er be tried,
The god of wit must shape the dart,
Good sense the well-aim'd arrow guide.

MARY D——.

STANZA.

A ROSY wreath Philander wove
With rustic skill, to deck my hair;
It look'd, too, like the gift of love,
And Prudence cried, 'rash maid! beware.'

'Perhaps, conceal'd those sweets among,
Love's arrows lurk your peace to wound;
Ah! heed not man's deluding tongue,
Where oft deceit and guile are found.'

Thus Prudence spoke, and check'd my
hand,
Advanc'd the present to receive;
Taught me his flatt'ry to withstand,
And all his vows to disbelieve.

MARY D——.

STANZA.

IF there exists a charm more dear
Than Beauty's dazzling dye,
It lives in Pity's generous tear,
And Virtue's hallow'd sigh.

For by that tear the soul's refin'd
That flows at Pity's call;
The gentle sigh improves the mind
That heaves for others thrall.

MARY D——.

THE COTTAGE OF PEACE.

IN an ivy-wreath'd cot, at the verge of
the grove,
Where health doth fair competence
greet,
Where placid contentment and conjugal
love
Concentre in unison sweet,

There Allan and Rosabel dwell, happy
pair!
Their felicity nought can increase;
Their children are dutiful, virtuous,
and fair,
Their cot is the cottage of peace.

Them with life's needful blessings their
labour supplies,
Tho' they do not its lux'ries possess;
Unreliev'd from their dwelling pale
Want never hies,
They've a mite for the child of
distress.

Belov'd by their neighbours, ador'd by
each friend,
Oh ne'er can their happiness cease,
While joy, love, and innocence, cheer-
fully blend
Their rays o'er the cottage of peace.

MARY D——.

STANZA.

SIGH no more, Lady, sigh no more;
What dost thou mourn, a perjured
lover?
Sigh no more, Lady, sigh no more;
But thy dear peace of mind recover.

Ere I for faithless man would gr ieve
I'd throw me down yon rocky steep;
Ere I'd their false, false tales believe,
I'd sink in everlasting sleep.

MARY D——.

TO PHILANDER.

THOU say'st thou lov'st, but is that
love sincere
That lives alone in Beauty's sunny
eye?
The love that dwells but in its beams,
I fear,
Would with its fast-retiring lustre
die.

Thou say'st thou lov'st, but when Time's
iron hand
Hath cropp'd each blooming grace,
ah! say would'st thou
With unsubdu'd regard enamour'd
stand,
And gaze in fix'd delight as thou dost
now?

Thou say'st thou lov'st, but when these
charms decay,
Nor leave a faintly-gleaming 'wreck
behind,'
Then, with increas'd affection, would'st
thou say
I now adore thy still superior mind?

Thou say'st thou lov'st, but should un-
sparing death
O'ershade my summer's morn, ah!
would'st thou shed
Fast-falling tears, lament with truest
breath,
Nor let a living love e'er wrong the
memory of the dead?

MARY D——.

THE CAUTION.

HASTE, Palmira, let us fly
To some friendly covert nigh;
Let us to yon verdant grove
Fly from the attacks of love.
Haste, my friend, with cautious care,
For the quiver'd god is here;
Ten thousand loves in ambush lie,
Thron'd in Phaon's murderous eye,
Their arrows tip'd with liquid fire;
Look not, lest thou shouldst admire;
Gaze not, but their brightness shun,
Lest by gazing thou' rt undone.
Every glance with death is fraught,
Every glance some heart has caught;
Fly, while yet thou boast'st of peace,
Lest the number thine increase.

MARY D——.

THE PARTING.

AND must we part? Oh, yes! approaching night
 In envious gloom enrobes the dark'ning sky!
More gloomy still 't will be to want thy light,
 And darker far, my love! when thou'rt not nigh.

Thou go'est; oh, my full heart! adieu! adieu!
 These rising sobs in part my anguish tell;
But wilt thou, sweet! wilt thou like me be true?
 Good night, my love! good night—farewell!—farewell!

MARY D——.

IMPROMPTU.

TO A LADY.

SWEET *E, D, U!* to you I write,
 To read you'll not deny;
And if perchance this meets your sight
 You'll pity your *S. Y.*
In Fancy's eye, where'er I stray,
 Your lovely form I view,
And seems to lead the devious way,
 While ardent I pursue.
Oh deign to love, then, dearest maid!
 A suppliant fond and true;
Oh ease my pain; be not afraid,
 My charming *E, D, U!*

ON WINTER.

——'Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,
Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer's* ardent strength,
Thy sober *Autumn* fading into age,
And pale concluding *Winter* comes at last,
And shuts the scene.'

THOMSON.

HOW vast the beauties Nature did display,
 Till dreary Winter re-assum'd his reign,
And sternly bid them vanish and decay,
 And leave no traces on the pensive plain!

The golden cowslip on th' enamell'd mead
 Display'd his youthful glories to the view,
But soon he droop'd his solitary head,
 Soon yields his virtue to the ev'ning's dew.

Alas! how transient is the dream of life!
 And every heart-felt comfort we enjoy!

And fraught with care, solicitude, and strife,
Each hour attempts our blessings to destroy!

All human scenes are subject to decay,
And Time asserts an all-prevailing power,
Expanding beauties to the morning's ray,
We bloom to wither as the tender flower.

S. Y.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS Jack to Nell, 'that portrait there,
Is it your head and face so fair?'
'Why, yes,' says Nell, ''tis meant for me,
Pray sir, don't you a likeness see?'
'Yes, yes,' says Jack, ''tis very good,
Th' inside is paper, th' outside wood.'

NEOS.

B—— *Feb.* 12.

TIME AND CUPID.

HIS life in travelling always spent,
Old Time, a much-renowned wight,
To a wide river's margin went,
And call'd for aid with all his might-
'Will none have pity on my years!
I that preside in every clime?
O my good friends, and passengers,
Lend, lend a hand to pass old Time!'

Full many a young and sprightly lass
Upon the adverse bank appear'd,
Who eager sought old Time to pass,
On a small bark by Cupid steer'd;
But one, the wisest, if I ween,
Repeated of this moral rhyme—
Ah! many a one has shipwreck'd been,
Thoughtless and gay, in passing Time!

Blithe Cupid soon the bark unmoor'd,
And spread the highly-waving sail;
He took old father Time on board,
And gave his canvass to the gale.

Then joyous as he row'd along,
He oft exclaim'd,—'Observe, my lasses,
Attend the burden of my song,
How sprightly Time with Cupid passes!'

At length the urchin weary grew,
For soon or late 'tis still the case;
He dropp'd the oar and rudder too—
Time steer'd the vessel in his place.
Triumphant now the veteran cries,
''Tis now my turn, you find, young lasses,
What the old proverb says is wise,
That Love with Time as lightly passes!'

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS LONG,
A LITTLE LADY.

WHERE any thing abounds, we find
That nobody will have it;
But when there's *little* of the kind,
Don't all the people crave it?

The god of love's a *little* wight,
But beautiful as thought;
Thou too art *little*—fair as light,
And every thing, in *short*.

O happy girl! I think thee so,
For mark the poet's song,
'Man wants but little here below,'
But wants that *little* LONG.

ALICE FELL.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE Post-boy drove with fierce career,
When threat'ning clouds the moon had drown'd;
When suddenly I seem'd to hear
A moan, a lamentable sound,

As if the wind blew many ways;
I heard the sound, and more and more
It seem'd to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it as before.

At length I to the boy call'd out,
He stopp'd his horses at the word;
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor aught else like it could be heard.

The Boy then smack'd his whip, and fast
The horses scamper'd through the rain;
And soon I heard upon the blast
The voice, and bade him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,
'What can it be, this piteous moan!'
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise, alone.

'My cloak!' the word was, last and first,
And loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her very heart would burst,
And down from off the chaise she leapt.

'What ails you, child?' she sobb'd—'Look here!'
I saw it in the wheel entangled,
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

'Twas twisted betwixt nave and spoke;
Her help she lent, and with good heed
Together we released the cloak;
A wretched, wretched rag indeed!

'And whither are you going, child,
To night along these lonesome ways?'
'To Durham,' answer'd she, half wild;
'Then come with me into the chaise.'

She sat like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send,
In wretchedness, as if her grief
Could never, never have an end.

'My child, in Durham do you dwell?'
She check'd herself in her distress,
And said, 'My name is ALICE FELL;
I'm fatherless and motherless;

'And I to Durham, sir, belong.'
And then, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong,
And all was for her tatter'd cloak.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and sitting by my side,
As if she'd lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post;
Of ALICE and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host
To buy a new cloak for the old.

'And let it be of duffil grey,
As warm a cloak as man can sell;'
Proud creature was she the next day,
The little orphan, ALICE FELL!

DEAD-MAN'S ISLAND.

WRITTEN ON PASSING THAT ISLAND, IN THE GULPH OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPT. 1801.

BY T. MOORE.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full—tho' the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

Oh! what doth that vessel of darkness bear,
The silent calm of the grave is there;
Save, now and again, a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung!

There lieth a wreck, on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labradore;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost!

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew,
As ever yet drank the church-yard dew!

In Dead-man's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Dead-man's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers—is not of this world!

Oh hurry thee on—Oh hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark! ere the night be gone;
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight,
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 19.

THE late arrivals from France have handed us the sweeping Decree of Bonaparte. It has caused very great alarm here; and the Chamber of Commerce are just now drawing up a Memorial to Congress to send out some frigates to convoy home such of our East Indiamen as they may fall in with.

Though our account of Bonaparte's Decree is not official, yet it is generally believed, and it is expected to have a good effect in the present negociations with England, indeed it has been for some time the general opinion, that they would end amicably. Mr. Rose is universally esteemed at Washington, from the president to the lowest citizen; however we do not think that matters will be arranged for a considerable time to come, and in the present state of things the embargo must be for at least three months longer, neither is it likely the Non-Importation Law will be rescinded, though all goods shipped on account of American citizens have hitherto been given up, and it is not expected that any of those that may arrive in the Spring will be sequestrated. The original embargo Bill is now confirmed by two rigorous supplements which reach the remotest channel of exports, even extending to small boats on the rivers and lakes, and carts and waggons by land.

New York, Feb. 24. There is a Bill before Congress which has passed the Lower House, and gone through the second reading in the senate, and it is supposed will pass, exempting all goods from seizure, on account of the Non-Importation Act, that are imported in vessels cleared out from America previous to the 14th December, therefore this Act may be considered at an end. there is also a motion before Congress to adjourn till May or June, which is also supposed will pass. The intention of this is supposed to be as follows:—it is thought that Mr. Rose has succeeded in the object of his mission, and that he has brought about a good understanding between the two governments, but that it is thought to be necessary for the British government to ratify what has been done, and that our government should dispatch a vessel for L'Orient and Falmouth (not yet sailed) with a messenger to the British, and another to the French government. The embargo will continue until the the return of these messengers, and, as a war with France is looked for, it is thought necessary to continue the embargo until it is ascertained whether we have peace or war with that country; and it is supposed Congress will meet again about the time the return of the messengers is expected, to be ready to to act as circumstances may require. These are nearly the most popular reports of the day; one thing, however, you may rest assured of, that the embargo will not be removed before the return of the messengers.

Petersburgh, March 10. An interesting duel took place here between count Chreptowitseh and colonel Von Arsenjew, respecting a lady, of whom they were both enamoured. These rival lovers had long lived in habits of friendship, and each had offered his addresses to the lady unknown to the other. She

preferred the count, but he, on being apprised of his friend's pretensions, waved the advantage of her preference, and very romantically proposed to decide their claims by single combat. A meeting was the consequence, and, on the first fire, colonel Von Arsenjew was shot through the heart.

Hamburgh, March 14. While the Russian army on the one side has been already seizing a large part of the Northern states of the king of Sweden, on the other side French, Spanish, Dutch, and Danish troops are assembling, in order to bring to a speedy termination the war which has been rendered necessary by the obstinacy of the Swedish monarch. Within a few days every thing has been in motion around us. To-day the last Spanish regiment has entered on the Danish territory, and the sixth regiment of Dutch infantry, which has entered here, is to be followed by three other regiments. General Gratien has entered with them, and it is most probable that the whole, or the greater part of these forces are to continue their journey into Denmark.

Stockholm, March 18. The French general of division, Grandjean, informed lieutenant Wahrenberg, by a letter of the 8th October of last year, by general Brune's order, that the Swedish packets will not be molested on their arrival at Grossen Zeiker, in the isle of Rugen; but be allowed to enter that port until the exchange of French and Swedish prisoners should have been completed. In spite of their solemn assurance, two Swedish packets, which, on the strength thereof, were dispatched from Istad to Rugen, have been detained there by the French commanding officer, and declared good and lawful prizes; on board of one of them was his majesty's aid-de-camp, major Armfelt, who was sent with a flag of truce to Rugen, and contrary to all usages of war, detained in Stralsund under a military guard, and on board the other was major Schintz, of the artillery, who was likewise declared a prisoner of war. This conduct on the part of the French is by no means unprecedented, but recorded as an additional proof of the well-known fact, that no reliance can be placed on the most solemn and most sacred promise of that people.

Gibraltar, March 19. The Carthagena squadron has arrived from Palma Bay into Port Mahon. Letters from Spain state Bonaparte to have arrived at Madrid. It appears that previous to his trusting himself in Spain, he thought it proper to secure the East and West passes, and accordingly ordered the citadels of Barcelona and Pampelona to be occupied by his troops.

March 20. General Spencer's expedition arrived here on the 8th of March; the British troops have landed, and the German part, with Meuron's and Watteville's regiments, which were in garrison here, have embarked, and will sail for Sicily or Malta in a few days. It is supposed that general Spencer will wait here for fresh instructions from England, and for the return of the British part of the expedition which sailed some time since for Sicily.

March 27. The Carthagena squadron continued at Port-Mahon by the latest accounts. The Toulon and Rochefort squadrons are out. The light company of the 42d, with a small detachment of artillery, and two officers of engineers, are going to take possession of a small rock under Ape's Hill, called the Parsley-Island in Spanish, whence our cruisers (that is gun-boats and small-craft) will be better able to intercept the supplies or reinforcements daily going from Tariffa to Ceuta. Sir S. Smith, in his Majesty's ship Foudroyant, 80 guns, with the Agamemnon, 64, sailed from this place on the 13th instant, supposed for the Brazils.

Reports have been received of an insurrection having taken place at Madrid, which began on the 16th of February, and continued several days. It was occasioned by the belief that the Spanish troops had been ordered back to Portugal, and French troops introduced into Spain by the influence of the prince of the peace. His house and furniture were demolished, and his disgrace and imprisonment insisted on. These demands are said to have been complied with. He escaped being put to death by the people with the greatest difficulty.

Strasburgh, March 23. Within a short time five sail of the line have been built, manned, and fitted for sea at Toulon. Seamen were obtained from Genoa, Venice, &c.

Gottenburgh, March 25. A conscription of all the young unmarried men, without respect to rank, between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years, throughout Sweden, is ordered to take place immediately; this it is thought will raise 150,000 men. A great number of regiments have, and are marching to the frontiers of Norway, which, it is said, are not to act merely on the defensive.

The English ships of war which were frozen up here all got clear from the ice and sailed some days ago; and by advices received to-day from Helsingborg, we learn they have arrived at the Sound. They consist of three sail of the line, a frigate, and some smaller vessels. Since Russia, Denmark, and Prussia, have declared war against this country, all intercourse is strictly forbidden, and the letters directed to these countries have been returned unopened.

March 29. By the last accounts from Finland we find that the Swedes were retreating to Toinca. The Russian army had been greatly augmented, some accounts mention 60,000; it is also added that every additional regiment that has marched from St. Petersburgh to Finland has been first mustered before the door of baron Stedinck, the Swedish minister there, in the most insulting manner.

March 30. This morning arrived here his Britannic majesty's ships Stately and Nassau, of 64 guns each, commanded by Captains Parker and Campbell, having on board 500 Danish prisoners, taken out of the Prince Christian man of war, of 74 guns, which struck to these ships on the evening of the 22d inst. off the coast of Zealand; she maintained a running fight for more than two hours before she struck; she afterwards went on shore, when it became necessary to set fire and destroy her. The Stately had five men killed and 47 wounded. The Dane had 55 killed (among which were three Lieutenants) and 88 wounded. Thus is the navy of Denmark reduced to one ship of the line, which is said to be at Copenhagen.

By advices from Helsingborg received to day, we learn that as late as the 26th instant the French had not crossed the Belts, though it had been confidently reported they were to have embarked for Zealand on the 15th. Count Miolki, the Danish Minister at Stockholm, and M. Geldenham, the secretary, arrived at Helsingborg a few days since under a Swedish guard, and embarked in a flag of truce for Elsineur.

Gripsholm Castle, March 30.

BULLETIN.

'His royal majesty received yesterday two reports from count Klingspor, commander in chief of the army in Finland, bearing date head-quarters, Longfors and Nerper, not far from Wasa, March 20th and 23d.——'The army continues in good order its March to Ulenborg, in order to form a junction with the column of count Cronistedt, chief of brigade; the rear was almost daily engaged with the enemy's light troops; but a more considerable affair took place under the orders of count Seuenlyilm, adjutant-general, and of colonel Grihenburg, chief of brigade, in which his majesty's troops with the utmost gallantry withstood the attack of the enemy far superior in number, and covered the retreat of the rest of the army, which carried away all the magazines formed in Bromeborg.

'Count Cromstedt, chief of brigade, reported from Knopio, Olipitka, and Jolensalon, under date of the 13th, 16th, and 18th March, that with the troops under his command he is continuing, in good order, his march to Ulenborg, pursuant to his orders. He had some severe engagements with the enemy on the 11th, near Lippawirta, and the 15th near Knopio, during which, on both sides a cannonade was for some time kept up, without the Russian troops having been able, notwithstanding their great superiority in number, to make any successful attack upon your majesty's troops. They were on the contrary continually repulsed.'

HOME NEWS.

Cork, March 23.

ABOUT the hour of one o'clock on Monday morning last, a number of fellows armed attacked the house of James Mehane, steward to George Gloster, esq. at Coolehehan, in the South Liberties of Limerick: without any notice, they fired in at the front door a loaded blunderbuss or musket, which did no other mischief than to kill a cat, and destroy the poor man's furniture which lay on the dresser; they then seemed to go away, but shortly after fired two shots into his bed-room, fortunately without injury to Mehane or his family. Suspicion is strong that those fellows were neighbours, as they avoided speaking so as to be heard; and on Thursday morning a written notice was found posted on one of the piers of Mr. Gloster's avenue-gate, signed by order of 'captain Slasher,' threatening that if strangers did not quit the neighbourhood he would pay them a visit, and cut, destroy, and consume their houses.

Appleby, March 24. An inquisition was taken on the bodies of George and Sarah Green, of Grasmere, in Westmoreland. It appeared that this industrious couple had been attending a fair in Langdale a few days before, with an intention of buying a cow; on their return home, about six o'clock in the evening, a fall of snow took place, they lost their way, and melancholy to relate, they both perished. For three days nearly every man in Grasmere went in search of them, and on Wednesday the 23d they found their bodies about three hundred yards asunder, and nearly four miles from the road. By this agonizing catastrophe, eight children, the eldest only eleven years old, and the youngest an infant at the breast, half a year old, have been bereaved of their parents; yet, highly to the credit of the neighbouring inhabitants, they have done their utmost to alleviate the sufferings of these distressed orphans.

Portsmouth, March 26. A vessel is arrived here, which sailed from off Lisbon on Wednesday se'ennight with a number of Portuguese refugees, who had escaped on board. Commissioner Duncan and his daughter are amongst the passengers, and are the latest from Lisbon. They state that there was not above twenty days' supply of corn at Lisbon when they came away.

According to private advices from the continent the following dismemberment of Turkey is agreed upon by France, Austria, and Russia: Russia to receive part of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia. Austria to receive Servia, Bosnia, part of Wallachia, and Upper Bulgaria. France to receive Albania, and the whole of Greece, extending from the Adriatic to the Gulph of Salonica, together with Candia and Cyprus; and to receive from Austria, in consideration of the above cessions to that power, the surrender of Trieste and her other possessions in the Adriatic. Austria, it is added, is assembling an army of 50,000 men in Hungary to give effect to this arrangement.

Plymouth, March 27. Letters from the squadron off Lisbon, dated the 15th inst. state a very gallant enterprize of one of our guard-boats in the harbour of Lisbon, commanded by a master's mate of the Goliath of 74:—observing

a French guard-boat fully manned and armed, this spirited officer resolved to lay her on board, and attempt to carry her: he accordingly rowed along-side, armed with cutlasses only, and having only fifteen men, succeeded in boarding the French guard-cutter, and triumphantly brought her out to the fleet in sight of the Russian squadron, with very little loss on our side, but very severe on the part of the enemy. Vice-admiral Cotton has appointed this gallant young gentleman acting-lieutenant on board the Alfred of 74, till the pleasure of the lords of the Admiralty shall be known.

Deal, March 28.—Admiral Sir Samuel Hood is arrived here, and last night hoisted his flag on board the Centaur, of 74 guns, which came in yesterday from Portsmouth. The gallant Admiral, we hear, is to have a command in the squadron destined for the Baltic which is daily accumulating in the Downs. Several frigates are already here, and the strong easterly winds only prevents others joining from the westward; they are however hourly expected.—Arrived his Majesty's ship Tribune from Plymouth.

London, March 31. A melancholy occurrence happened yesterday about noon on the London side of Blackfriars Bridge. A spirited animal, in a single-horse cart, loaded, in descending the hill, with one of the wheels locked, startled at some unknown object, and reared up on his hind legs, and continued to plunge for a little while; he then dashed furiously towards the side, and came in contact with two respectable looking women, who endeavouring to make their escape, both fell under the wheel the nearest the kirb stone, when the unruly beast at the critical moment moving forward, the near wheel instantly passed over the head of one of the unfortunate women, who died without a groan; and over the arm of the other, which it broke.—We understand they were an aunt and her neice, but we did not hear their names. The survivor (the neice) was carried away in a hackney coach; the mangled remains of the aunt lay on the bridge some time a shocking spectacle. The furious animal was stopped without doing further mischief. The cart was loaded with cotton.

Plymouth, April 5. Came in the Cheerly gun-brig, from the Westward, and from off L'Orient, the Cuckoo schooner. She brings an account that the Aigle, 44, captain Wolfe, on her station off the port of L'Orient, on the night of the 26th ult. fell in and brought to action in the most gallant style, two French frigates of 44 guns, and after a hard fought battle obliged them to sheer off, leaving the Aigle much cut up in her masts and rigging. We are sorry to state that one man was killed, and captain W. and seven men wounded The French frigates it is said got into L'Orient.

Orders came down on Wednesday for the master's attendants and king's pilots at this port to be in readiness for immediate service, when called upon. The reason of this sudden order has not yet transpired. Yesterday a court-martial was held on board the Salvador del Mundo, 112, in Hamoaze, rear-admiral Sutton president, on five mutineers of the Edgar, 74, captain Macnamara, viz.—Henry Chesterfield, captain of the main-top; John Rowlands, boatswain's mate, George Scarr, Abraham Davis, and James Johnson, seamen, on a charge of mutinous expressions on board that ship on the 27th of March last, while she was in Cawsand Bay. When the evidence for the prosecution having been gone through, and the prisoners heard in their defence, the court found them guilty, and passed the following sentence upon them, viz.—Chesterfield to receive seven hundred lashes round the fleet, and to be kept in solitary confinement two years; Rowlands three hundred lashes; Scarr five hundred lashes, and one year's solitary confinement; and Davis and Johnson two hundred lashes each. They were immediately delivered into the custody of the Provost-marshal.

London, April 6. Mr. L., an eminent stock-broker, put an end to his existence on Monday last, by shooting

himself with a pistol. He rode to town that morning from his villa in the country, about fourteen miles distant. When he reached his house in Cornhill, he read a letter, put into his hands by his servant, which seemed to affect him much. Shortly afterwards he complained of fatigue and indisposition, and said he would retire to his bed-room. He did so, and was found there, in the course of the day, dead, with the pistol lying by him. It was supposed that the pistol was fired about eleven o'clock, but no report was heard by the servants. Mr. L., it appears, was under considerable embarrassments, which were unknown even to his partner or family, but which had occasioned a depression of spirits that led to the unhappy catastrophe. Mr. L. has been in the habit of giving expensive entertainments to the nobility in the country. He left behind him a letter, the tendency of which was to exculpate Mr. C. his partner, from any blame which might be imputed to him.

Falmouth, April 8. Arrived the Princess Elizabeth packet, captain Kidd, with mails from Malta, Palermo, Messina, and Gibraltar.

His majesty's ship Foudroyant of 80 guns, with the Agamemnon, sailed from Gibraltar on the 13th of March, supposed for the Brazils. The Portuguese brig of war La Letre, had arrived off Lisbon with dispatches from the Prince Regent to the Provisional Government, which the captain would not land, on being informed by sir C. Cotton that the French were in possession of the country. Commercial mails were sent into Lisbon by the fishing-boats. The Prince Regent had a remarkable fine passage of 39 days, and landed at Rio Janeiro, with the other branches of the royal family, on the 8th of January, amidst the acclamations of all ranks of people.

Plymouth, April 12. Letters from the Warrior, 74, one of the gallant rear-admiral sir R. Strachan's squadron, dated the 6th ult. states his having joined at Palermo, with lord Collingwood and admiral Thornborough's divisions, and that their number was nineteen sail of the line and six frigates; that sir Richard Strachan's squadron was all well, wooding and watering at Palermo; had not seen or heard any thing of the Rochefort squadron.

York, April 14. On Tuesday morning last, at four o'clock, the right hon. earl Fitzwilliam, accompanied by Bryan Cooke, esq. as his second, and major Bower, accompanied by Mr. Stainforth, as his second, met upon Doncaster race-ground, for the purpose of fighting a duel. The challenge was sent by earl Fitzwilliam, in consequence of some unwarrantable expressions made use of at the last Malton election, by major Bower, charging his lordship with having been guilty of trafficking his borough of Malton. An explanation, we are happy to say, took place upon the ground, by which extremities were fortunately prevented, major Bower having declared that the offensive words had originated in a misconception of the matter. The following is the statement of the result from authority:

Mr. Judson being required to state the facts which authorized his asssertion, 'that there had been a traffic for the borough of Malton, and also to point out the persons engaged in it,' the following explanation was given:

'In consequence of the following note Mr. Bower is glad that he had misconceived the matter, and is happy to congratulate earl Fitzwilliam, that neither his lordship, nor his agents, were engaged in this transaction.

'Mr. Parker, the counsel, was the agent, and the person whom it was for the late general St. Leger:—neither earl Fitzwilliam or his agents had any knowledge of the transaction.

'Doncaster, April 12, 1808.

Tho. Judson.'

April 15. Impress Warrants.—A representation having been made to the Lord Mayor, that a great number of seamen, deserters from the navy, had taken refuge in the city, press-warrants, backed by his Lordship, were given to the City Marshals, for the purpose of their apprehension. On Wednesday night, soon after nine o'clock, the marshals, accompanied by a great number of constables, and several officers in the impress service, visited the

public-houses, and other places in the city, suspected to be the resort of the description of persons of whom they were in pursuit. In the course of that night and the following morning they arrested between fifty and sixty persons, and lodged them in the Compter, preparatory to their examination before the lord mayor, which took place yesterday at the Mansion-house. Some of them proved to be men of good character, who had never been at sea, and others had protections; they were of course discharged. Some were remanded for further inquiry, and others, who were found fit subjects for service, were sent on board the Tender; the regulating captain and some lieutenants of which attended the examination. The exterior of the Mansion House, while this business was under discussion, presented an interesting appearance. It was surrounded by a great crowd of persons, consisting chiefly of the mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, of the men impressed, all anxious to learn their fate.

BIRTHS.

March 26. The lady of Essex Henry Bond, esq. Croom's-hill Greenwich, of a daughter.

The lady of Robert Blackall, of Russell-square, esq. of a son.

At Forest, Laytonstone, Essex, the lady of Emanuel Goodhart, esq. of a daughter.

29. At colonel the hon. John Crewe's house, Cavendish-square, the hon. Mrs. Crewe, of a daughter.

April 2. At Herdmanston, in Scotland, the right hon. lady Sinclair of a son.

In Spanish-place, Manchester-square, the lady of R. Webber, esq. of a son.

4. In Grosvenor-place, the lady of R. H. Cox. esq. of a son.

6. At his house in lower Grosvenor-street, the lady of W. Butt, esq. of a daughter.

At Waterstook, the lady of W. H. Ashhurst, esq. of a son.

12 The lady of the hon. Montgomery Stewart, of a son

14. At Barton-Seagrove, Northamptonshire, the hon. Mrs. Stopford, of a son.

15. In Tenterden-street, lady Caroline Dundas, of a daughter.

At Dryden House, Scotland, lady Macdonald Lockhart, of a daughter.

17. At Hingestree, the countess Talbot, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 24. At St. Mary-la-Bonne Church, William Palmer, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, to miss Ricketts, daughter of James Ricketts, esq.

29. The rev. Henry Palmer, to Harriet-Louisa, second daughter of Walter Fletcher Goron, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

30. At Melbury, the seat of the earl of Ilchester, by special licence, by the hon. and rev. Charles Strangways, the right hon. lord Henry Petty, to lady Louisa Strangways, sister to the earl of Ilchester.

31. At Saintbury, in the county of Gloucester, James West, esq. of Alscot Park, to miss Roberts, daughter and sole heiress of the late J. Roberts, esq. of New Combe House.

April 2. At Twickenham, James Alexander Hodson, esq. of the town of Liverpool, to miss Sarah Hodges, youngest daughter of the late Jeremiah Hodges, of Boulney, in the county of Oxon, esq.

5. Joseph Gundry, jun. esq. of Bridport, Dorsetshire, to miss Pearkes, neice to Martin Pearkes, esq. of upper Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

7. At St. George's Church, Hanover-square, by the bishop of Bath and Wells, Robert Lukin, esq. son to the dean of Wells, to miss Catherine Hallifax, daughter to the late bishop of St. Asaph.

11. At Blackawton, near Dartmouth, by special licence, by the rev. S. Adams, Charles M. Bulteel, esq. of Plymouth, to miss Pinson, grand-daughter of Andrew Pinson, esq. of Wadstray House.

At Lambeth Church, Mr. John Willmott, of Lewisham, Kent, to miss Nunn, daughter of the late Martin Nunn, esq. of Bardwell, in Suffolk.

At Shoreditch Church, Mr. T. Charlton, of Doctors' Commons, to miss L. E. Clarkson, daughter of Mr. J. Clarkson, of the City Road.

18. At St. George's Hanover-square, by the rev. R. Hodgson, Lewis-William Buck, esq. to miss Robbins, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Robbins, esq. of Binfield, Berks.

At Langley, Bucks, Mr. Hoper, of Marlborough-street, London, to miss Buckland, of Langley.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Matthews Corsellis, esq. to miss Utterson, eldest daughter of the late John Utterson, esq. of Marwell Hall, in the county of Southampton.

21. At St. Giles's Church, by the rev. Dr. Ridley, prebendary of Gloucester, the rev. Henry Colbourne Ridley, son of sir Matthew White Ridley, bart. to Mary, eldest daughter of James Faner, esq. of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

At Ask, in Yorkshire, the rev. W. Wharton, to the hon. miss Dundas, daughter of lord Dundas.

DEATHS.

March 25. In the 84th year of her age, Mrs. Collins, relict of B. Collins, esq. and mother of B. C. Collins, esq. of Salisbury, the latter of whom she survived exactly eight weeks.

28. Peter Rainier, esq. admiral of the Blue. He was made a post captain October 29, 1788, a rear-admiral June 1, 1795, a vice-admiral Feb. 14, 1796, and admiral of the Blue Nov. 9, 1805. Admiral Rainier was commander in chief in the East Indies for several years, where he amassed a vast property, and returned from thence about two years since. At the last general election he was returned to Parliament for Sandwich, his native place.

30. Sir Henry Grey, Bart. at a very advanced age. He was the elder brother of the late earl Grey, and uncle to the present; he never was married; and by his death earl Grey becomes possessed of estates to the value of near thirty-seven thousand pounds per annum, besides a fortune for each of his younger children.

31. At Melton-house, Norfolk, aged eighteen, miss Astley, eldest daughter of sir Jacob Astley, bart. It is most painful to add, that this excellent young lady, from the period of her life, her virtues, and acquirements, so peculiarly the object of affection and source of happiness in her family, has fallen a sacrifice to an accident which has lately been alarmingly frequent: standing near a fire, and in the act of throwing some coals on it, part of her dress caught fire, and, being cotton, the whole of it was instantly in flames, and almost as instantly consumed; her person, at the same time, being so dreadfully burnt, that she survived little more than twenty-four hours.

At Morpeth, in his 89th year, R. Roddam, esq. of Roddam, in Northumberland, senior admiral of the Red. During his long and active life, it may be truly affirmed that the sovereign under whom he had the honour to serve never possessed an officer more zealous in his interest, or who had more at heart the honour of the British flag. In his character of a magistrate he was most punctual in the discharge of his duty; and such was his well-known attachment to hospitality and benevolence, that it may sincerely be regretted that he should be the last survivor of one of the most ancient families of this kingdom.

At Danby near Middleham, the seat of S. T. Scrope, esq. William M'Arthur, in the 92d year of his age. He was gardener to the late and present Mr. Scrope 61 years. It is remarkable that three other servants of the same family have died within a few years, viz. Marg. Rennel, aged 85, Mary Chappelow, aged 97, and Joseph Hudson, aged 79; and all after servitude of more than forty years. Mary Chappelow had lived in the family upward of fifty years.

April 1. At Edgeware, aged 72, the rev. J. De Veil, Rector of Aldenham, Herts, and one of the justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex.

11. Suddenly, at his mansion at Roehampton, B. Goldsmid, esq.

13. At Moira House, Dublin, Elizabeth Dowager countess of Moira.

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Heath sculp.

Gustavus Adolphus IV. King of Sweden.

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